

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

NO. 10.

HEMP SEED.

Those farmers expecting to grow hemp this season will find it to their interest to write me before purchasing their seed. I have on hand Cultivated Hemp Seed grown from seed imported from China in 1893.

W. J. LOUGHRIDGE,
(Jan-2mo) LEXINGTON, KY

G. N. PARRIS.

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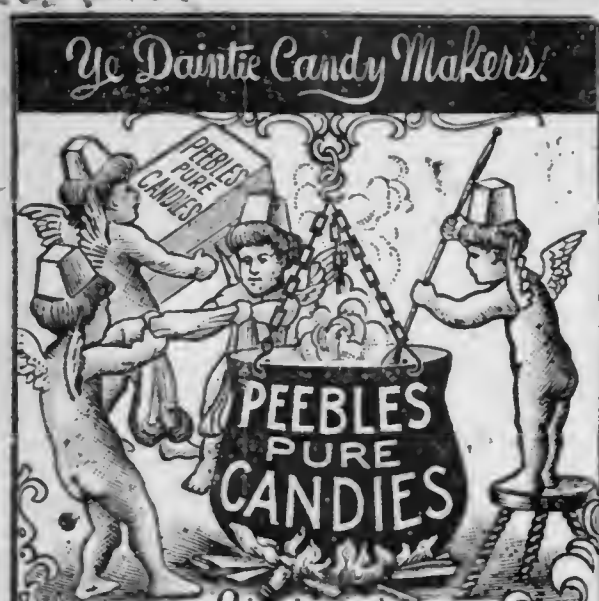
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OPPOSITE EXPRESS OFFICE.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

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Peebles' Candy and Allegretti & Rubel's Chocolate Creams sold exclusively in this city by
G. S. VARDEN,
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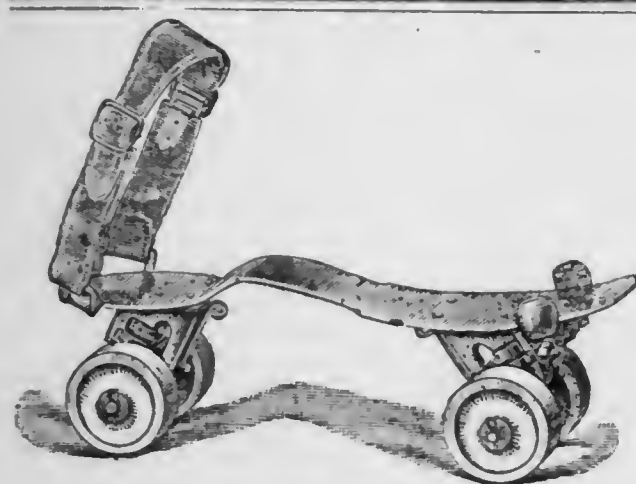
"We desire to establish Agencies for Lyleburn Fruit Cake, 1 lb. tins. A great winner."

PEEBLES' NAME

On a Box of Candy carries with it a guarantee of absolute purity. Money can not buy any higher grade ingredients than are used in its manufacture, and that is why Peebles' Candy is always wholesome. Agents are supplied daily fresh from the factory, and that is why Peebles' Candy is more delicious than that of others. Although superior in every way, the prices for Peebles' Candy are no higher than others. Agents for Allegretti & Rubel's delicious Chocolate Creams. A full line may always be found.

The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co.
JOSEPH S. PEEBLES, Pres't.
Cincinnati, O.
Established 1846.

The teachings of 60 years experience as to all that is best in the line of Entables, Drinkables and Smokeables is summed up in a 60 page price list. Sent free. Write for it.



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CELEBRATED

Roller Skates!

Not a "CYCLE SKATE," or an experiment, but the only practical scientific RINK SKATE on the market. Over two millions of HENLEY'S SKATES sold in this and other countries.

CHALLENGE AND MONARCH RINK And Club Roller Skates.

SKATESUNDRIES&SUPPLIES

"The Easiest and Lightest Running Skates on Earth."

Universally adopted when used in competition with any other skate—unrivaled. The leading rollerskate in the world.

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Richmond, Ind., U. S. A.

N. C. FISHER,
Attorney-At-Law.
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FOR SALE.

A first-class, power Grinding Mill, standard make, will grind 60 to 75 barrels of ear corn per day, with 10-horse power. Will sell cheap.
R. P. BARNETT.

The very best companies compare our agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Hoarseness Sore Throat

Hoarseness, sore throat and constant coughing indicate that the bronchial tubes are suffering from a bad cold, which may develop into pleurisy or inflammation of the lungs. Do not waste health and strength by waiting, but use Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup at once. This wonderful remedy cures all throat and lung affections in an astonishingly short time.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

FANCY California evaporated fruits.
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Ture.

Mrs. G. W. Bryan is in on the sick list.
Miss Florence Bass went to Cynthiana, yesterday.

Mrs. Jas. Cammings returned to Maysville to-day.

Jake Schwartz, of Paris, was here Wednesday on business.

Jos. E. Johnson has gone to Vanderbilt University to study law.

Mr. and Mrs. Eamus Ross, of Carlisle, visited Mrs. Ed. Ingels, Monday.

Miss Nannie Barbee, guest of Mrs. J. R. Best, returned to Danville, Wednesday.

Mrs. Dan'l Kimbrough and daughter are guests of John Jameson and family.

Spencer Best is taking a special course at the State University at Lexington.

Sacramental services at the Presbyterian church Sunday. Services on Saturday also.

Blind Harris, the musical wonder, at the opera house to-night. Admission, 15 and 25 cents.

Mrs. Harry Reuick, nee Miss Minnie Spears, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. America Butler.

Mr. Charles N. Johnson and Perry Jefferson went to Cincinnati Wednesday on business.

Miss Nannie Hunt is very ill at the Protestant Infirmary at Lexington. She has a position there.

Messrs. Ad Turner, Ed Layson and Frank Collier were on the Cincinnati brakes, Wednesday.

Mr. John Layson, Jr., of Cynthiana, was the guest of his parents from Saturday until Wednesday.

Mrs. J. R. Best, Miss Lizzie Wall, Allen, Mrs. W. M. Miller and Miss Katie Savage are able to be up.

Mr. Hurst, of Fleming, has rented the old house, nee F. M. Hurst, and will move there in a few weeks.

Miss Nannie Peed of Mayslick, and Miss Dorothy Peed, of this place, went to Cynthiana to-day to visit relatives.

Messrs. J. G. Allen, Stiles Stirman, J. W. Conway and Thomas Judy are all convalescent. Wm. Bassett is quite sick.

Dr. H. A. Smith, of Paris, was the guest of relatives here this week. He will move to Hamilton, Ohio, in a few days.

For anything in fancy dishes, queensware and all kinds of canned goods, and a full line of groceries, go to Judy & Collier's.

Miss Lucinda Lowry, of Paris, and Miss Sue Buckner, of Winchester, were guests of Mrs. H. H. Phillips, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Bettie Gibson and daughter, Miss Ida, of Paris, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Wm. Payne, who is very ill with pneumonia.

WALL PAPER.—Have just received a full stock. New patterns and styles. Call and examine my stock and get prices.
J. W. MOCK.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will give an oyster supper to night, in the room formerly occupied by the U. S. military store.

Blind Harris is a second Blind Tom as a pianist. Lovers of classical and popular music should avail themselves of this opportunity to-night. Harris' comic songs are sure to please you.

Mr. Frank Mayers, of Osgood, and Miss Jennie (Clifford, of Berry, were married Tuesday in Cincinnati. They were given a reception at the home of the groom's father near Osgood, Tuesday evening.

I want some of my customers to get it out of their heads that I have plenty of money. On the other hand, I am needing the article very much indeed, right now. So call in and settle up to Jan. 1, 1899.
H. H. PHILLIPS.

At Bryan's Hall to-night—The Maine and the Cuban War—an illustrated lecture on Cuba. Over 50 magnificent views, one hundred square feet of canvass, from Magic Lantern. An interesting and instructive lecture will be given describing the views of all the important cities, Morro Castle, Cuban prisoners, reconcentrados, also of General Gomez, Garcia, Fitzhugh Lee, Admirals Dewey, Sampson and Schley, admission, 15 and 25 cents.

Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

CARLISLE.

News Culled From Nicholas County Precincts.

From the Mercury.

Regular meeting of the city council Monday night.

B. F. Congleton & Co., of Nicholas, sold six bbls. of tobacco last week that ranged from \$10.25 to \$11.

Squire H. C. Wells, of Bramblett, has bought the Joseph Gillespie farm of 93 acres for which he paid \$5,600.

Mrs. Margaret Archer, an aged woman, was taken to the Asylum at Lexington, Tuesday by Sheriff Donnell and A. B. Tilton.

G. R. Seerest sold to Mrs. T. J. Glenn the two-story brick business house on Maple street occupied by "The New York Store." Price \$1,725.

Rev. Geo. Young, of Richmond, the well-known temperance orator, will deliver an address at the Court House on February 12th, at 2:30 p. m.

Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often—sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eight day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."
THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Low prices on candies for entertainment. Cheap but pure.
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Insure in my agency non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Attention!

Parties wanting photos in Grinnard's gallery should come and have sittings made at once, as the building we occupy will be torn away about the middle of February. Persons wanting old negatives can get same cheap, as I will dispose of them all.
L. GRINNARD.

THREE houses for rent or sale. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Paris, Ky. (3t)

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

GUNTHER'S fine candies for sale for Christmas.
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

CRYSTALLIZED fruits, nuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, grape fruit.
(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of. There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "I could see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhalant remedies—in fact, I could feel that each winter I was worse than the year previous."

"Finally it was brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface. I then decided to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S. S. S., a remedy that can reach the disease and cure it."

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases.

S. S. S. For Blood
Is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals.
Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

DR. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
CURES INDIGESTION.

DR. BELL'S
PINE-TAR
HONEY

"Ring out the old
Ring out the false
Ring in the new
Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S
Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhausted; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 66 YEARS OLD, and never mean any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grippe as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Mercalla, Paducah, Ky.

THE QUEEN and CRESCENT

Route, with its rail and forms the short line to Florida and West India points. Fast Service through to Jacksonville.

The famous CINCINNATI, LIMITED solid vestibuled Queen & Crescent, and F.C. & P. Railway makes connection on arrival at Miami (East Coast) or at Tampa (West Coast) for

FLORIDA AND HAVANA service to Florida via the Southern Railway, and direct steamship connection on arrival at Miami (East Coast) or at Tampa (West Coast) for

Key West, Havana, Nassau, Santiago, San Juan, and all West India ports. 24 hours Cincinnati to Florida and Cincinnati to New Orleans. Free books and information by addressing, C. W. ZELL, DIV. PASSENGER AGENT, 4TH and RACE STS., CINCINNATI, O., or L. MITCHELL, DIV. PASSENGER AGENT, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., or W. C. RINEARSON, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT, CINCINNATI, O.

Interested in the South? Send 10 cts. to W. C. Rinearson, for New Illustrated Monthly, "Land and a Living," one year.

The Dubne Jewelry Company,
Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.
Long Distance Telephone, Call 870.

DIAMOND CUTTERS.

All our Diamonds are Carefully selected in the rough, and cut in our Factory by Expert Diamond Cutters. We carry the Largest Stock in the West at the Lowest Prices.

SILVERSMITHS. Our stock of STERLING SILVER TOILET WARE and WEDDING SILVER is the most complete in the West. A few exclusive patterns of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks at \$1.00 PER OUNCE.

WATCHES. We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Patek, Philippe & Co. watches. Our stock in this line includes every grade and make known to the trade, at prices to suit everybody.

STATIONERY. Our Department of Stationery and Engraving is thoroughly up-to-date, and complete in every respect.

Send for our Holiday Shopping List, containing many valuable suggestions. All orders promptly attended to. Goods sent to our Patrons on Selection.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty.
(9a97-tf) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 535 F St., Washington, D. C.

Coughed 20 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rosell, Grantsburg, Ill.

HICKMOTT'S asparagus tips, equal to the fresh.
F. B. McDERMOTT.

WANTED.

Position, by March 1st, as Superintendent on a farm. Capable of attending to all business. First-class references. Address, Jos. M. Wright, Paris, Ky.

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,
TUESDAY, FEB. 14, 1899.

returning every second Tuesday in each month.

REFERENCE.—Every leading physician Paris, Kentucky.

Will Kenney, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Phone 136

OFFICE: Fourth and Pleasant Sts.
OFFICE HOURS:
7 to 10 a. m.
2 to 4 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.
(6a94-tf)

THE ARMY BILL.

It Passes in the House by a Vote of 168 to 125.

The President Has Authority to Reduce the Size of Infantry Companies and Cavalry Troops to 60 Men Each, Thus Fixing the Maximum at 50,000.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The bill to reorganize and increase the standing army to about 100,000 men, but giving the president authority to reduce the size of infantry companies and cavalry troops to 60 men each, thus fixing a minimum of about 50,000 enlisted men, passed the house Tuesday by a vote of 168 to 125. This was the result of a week of hard and often picturesque fighting on the floor, during the progress of which the opposition compelled those in charge of the measure to give this discretionary authority to the president and to make other modifications, among which were a reduction of 331 in the number of staff officers. In consequence of these modifications, the republican opposition practically vanished and on the final vote but six republicans voted against the bill. Messrs. Barber, of Maryland; Connolly, of Illinois; Loud, of California; Johnson, of Indiana; McEwan, of New Jersey, and Wadsworth, of New York. This republican defection was, however, almost offset by five members of the political opposition who voted in favor of the bill. Messrs. Berry, of Kentucky; McClellan, of New York; McAleer, of Pennsylvania; Taylor, of Alabama, democrats; and Skinner, populist, North Carolina. The galleries were crowded throughout the day, and every member who could possibly be there was on the floor to record his vote on the final roll call. The programme Tuesday included provision for two hours of general debate, which was to be occupied by Messrs. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and Hopkins, of Illinois, in closing for the majority, and Messrs. Bailey, of Texas, and Settle, of Kentucky, for the opposition. But this programme was smashed owing to the failure to complete the bill under the five minute rule before 3 o'clock, the hour set for the vote. Among the important amendments adopted before the vote was taken was one to exclude the appointment of civilians to positions in the engineer corps, one to abolish caissons and the sale of liquor in camps, and one to strike out the provision for additional pay for commands serving in the West Indies, Philippines and Alaska. The amendment of Mr. Cummings, of New York, to prohibit the use of troops in the several states to suppress riots, etc., except upon the application of the states, was defeated by a large majority. The motion to recommit, with instructions to report back the minority substitute, only commanded two republican votes and was lost—117 to 170. The bill as passed provides in addition to the general officers and staff departments for 12 regiments of cavalry of 12 troops each, 14 coast batteries, 24 field batteries, 80 regiments of infantry of 12 companies each, a corps of engineers and one regiment of engineers, an ordnance department and a signal corps, the latter with 625 enlisted men. It also gives the president discretion to recruit the organizations serving in Cuba, Porto Rico and the islands of the Pacific in whole or in part from the inhabitants thereof. Before the house adjourned Tuesday, the river and harbor bill was formally called up in order to make it the unfinished business in the committee of the whole.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Because the army reorganization bill received such a handsome majority in the house, similar treatment in the senate is in no wise indicated. As a matter of fact, it is only the most optimistic friends of the measure who expect it to become a law, at least without radical modification. There is a growing belief that the whole question of reorganizing and enlarging the army will be left for the next congress, and at this session there will be adopted some sort of a resolution continuing the army under its war time organization, which raises its maximum to about 62,000.

Granting Extra Pay.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—A bill was passed at the opening of the senate's session Tuesday granting extra pay to the officers and men of the temporary force of the navy—two months' extra pay to those who served beyond the limits of the United States, and one month's pay to those who served within the United States. The provisions of the bill are to apply to all such temporary force, whether discharged yet or not.

Killed by a Snow Slide.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 1.—A snow slide is reported near Glacia, a station on the Canadian Pacific, in which seven people were killed and a number of others buried. The wires are down and particulars can not be learned.

Thrown From His Wagon.

MANCHESTER, O., Feb. 1.—Barney Cox, local freight transfer agent of the C. & O. railroad, was thrown from his wagon Tuesday and dangerously hurt. Several ribs were broken.

BUSINESS HOUSES BURNED.

A Conflagration at Columbus, O., Destroyed Property to the Amount of About \$750,000.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 2.—The most serious conflagration which has visited Columbus since the million dollar Chittenden hotel fire of 1893, visited Columbus Wednesday night. Half a block of fine buildings in the heart of the business portion of the town have been destroyed and the department have not yet gotten the flames under control. The fire is thought to have started in the basement of the Dunlap building occupied by the Chicago Bankrupt Clothing Co. It swept up the elevator shaft and soon the whole building was ablaze. Several alarms were sent in and the whole department, although doing their best work, seemed to have little effect in staying the progress of the flames. The audience in the High street theater, which is across an alley from the burning block, was dismissed in a hurry and this crowd was soon swelled to enormous proportions by a mob of excited people from all parts of the city.

The fire soon communicated to the Jones block on the left and the Solader & Bright building on the right, and these, with the wholesale millinery store of Solader & Bright and the store of D. S. Ambach, clothing, were as complete wrecks as the Dunlap building. A fire wall, four feet thick, separated the fine block of Green, Joyce & Co., wholesale dry goods and notions, from the others, but this was no barrier and at 1 o'clock Thursday morning the fire had eaten its way through and was burning fiercely in the upper stories. At 11:50 with scarcely any warning the front and rear walls of the Dunlap building, as though rent asunder by an explosion fell, one on High street and the other completely filling the alley in the rear with bricks and debris. Fortunately the police had kept the street fairly clear, or the loss of life would have been enormous. As it was a number of firemen were caught while flying from the crumbling walls. Whitney Davis is missing, and while his comrades and the police are making every effort to discover his remains, they have not yet been found.

Capt. Jack Welsh is badly bruised about the legs and body, seriously injured; Otis V. Kilbourne, bruised about head and body, may die; John Donahue, hurt internally and scalp wounds; Charles Conner, badly injured; Bob Kerrins, also badly bruised; Al Reeves, Pat Sullivan and William Swift are also more or less injured; Miss Carrie Johnson, a young lady, was knocked down and run over by a horse reel. Her right leg was broken, the bone crushed out of all shape. She has numerous other injuries and is in a precarious condition. Scores of other people were slightly injured when the walls gave way, by the flying debris. The State Journal places the entire loss at \$750,000.

The losses, roughly estimated, are as follows:
Green, Joyce & Co., building... \$150,000
Green, Joyce & Co., stock... 600,000
Dunlap building... 75,000
Chicago Clothing Co., stock... 100,000
Solader, Bright & Co., building... 75,000
Macauley, millinery stock... 25,000
Jones building... 75,000
Gratigny, restaurant... unknown
Columbus Electric Light Co... 300
Columbus Gas Co... 500

At 1:15 the fire was burning fiercely and it was thought that the Chittenden hotel is doomed, as the adjoining building on Spring street is on fire.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ILL.

Worry Over Opposition to the Peace Treaty Has a Bad Effect—Personal Attacks Cut Him to the Core.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Press telegraphs his paper that President McKinley is ill, the result of a breakdown over the worry and struggle to pass the Paris treaty, and because of personal attacks made on him by the opponents of the treaty.

"These attacks," the dispatch says, "are so unjust and the possibility of trouble in the Philippines is so imminent, through the encouragement which the minority in the senate is giving Aguinaldo and his followers, that the president is justly apprehensive and worried."

"For more than a week Mr. McKinley has been far from well. To intimate visitors, among public men, he has confided the condition of his health as a reason for not accepting their invitations for future ceremonies. At the same time the assurance has been given that the illness is only temporary, and certainly will yield to medical treatment. The president is not ill enough to retire from his office, and it is hoped that he will recover speedily."

Swindled as Agents.

SUNBURY, Pa., Feb. 2.—M. Meyer and Charles Baraban, of New York, were arrested here, suspected of swindling, at the instance of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., of St. Louis. The allegation is that the men pretended to be agents of the company and took orders.

Will Attend the Military Congress.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 2.—Mexico has accepted the invitation to participate in the military congress at Tampa, Fla., February 8, and the republic's two delegates have left for the north.

GEN. OTIS' ARMY.

More Troops to Be Forwarded to the Philippines on Transports.

The Arrival of These Soldiers Will Increase Gen. Otis' Strength Nearly 7,000 Men—Most of the Reinforcements Go by Way of the Suez Canal.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Orders have been issued by the war department to expedite the movement of reinforcements for the Philippines. The transport Sherman will start from New York next Thursday with the 3d regiment of infantry and four companies of the 17th infantry.

The following Thursday, February 9, the transport Sheridan will sail from the same port with the 12th infantry and the headquarters and remaining companies of the 17th. The officers in command of these troops have been instructed by telegraph to execute the orders for this movement without unnecessary delay.

Both transports will follow the same route to Manila taken by the transport Grant—that is, across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean sea and Suez canal. The Grant started several days ago and is now supposed to be in the vicinity of Gibraltar. Gen. Lawton, who is to assume active command of all the military forces in the Philippines when Gen. Otis becomes military governor of the territory, is a passenger on the Grant; two regiments of infantry are also under orders to proceed to Manila by way of the Pacific ocean. One of them has already started and it is expected the other will take its departure from San Francisco within a few days. The arrival of these four regiments will increase Gen. Otis' fighting strength by nearly 7,000 men.

DRUNKEN NEGRO SOLDIERS.

They Started a Rough House in Texarkana, Ark., But Received a Little the Worst of It.

TEXARKANA, Ark., Feb. 1.—There passed through Texarkana Tuesday eight train loads of Negro soldiers, 1,200 in number, composing the 10th United States cavalry, en route to San Antonio. When they arrived here they were a drunken mob and an effort was made by them to tear up the town. A number of the colored soldiers kicked in a door, entered a resort and started to run the place at the point of loaded rifles.

Constable James Rochelle was notified, and rushing to the place, he saw them coming from the house where they had broken up the furniture. A chase for the cars resulted, and just as they reached them Rochelle captured the leader of the gang. As soon as he did so a hundred rifles were leveled at him and every Negro loaded his gun. Every car window held a drunken Negro with a cocked rifle and after the guns had been stuck in the officer's face the Negro escaped into the cars. The news spread and every officer in Texarkana and hundreds of citizens flocked around the Negro soldiers, who seemed anxious for trouble. County Attorney Horace Vaughan placed himself in communication with the governor and as a result the trains were held here for seven hours. The Negroes wanted were kept in a car, with an armed guard outside. The trains were surrounded by irate Texarkans who were supplied with dynamite ready to send the entire horde to destruction. The Negroes learned of this and finally agreed to hand over the guilty ones upon identification, but as this was impossible no arrests were made. Cool heads prevented more serious trouble.

A BAD ERROR CORRECTED.

The Demand of President McKinley on Spain Was for "Nothing Less" Than the Island of Luzon.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—It appears that an erroneous impression has gone abroad respecting the nature of the president's instructions to the American peace commissioners in Paris touching the limitations of the claims to be put forward so far as the Philippines were concerned to the island of Luzon. As a matter of fact, so far from making that island the maximum claim of the Americans, the president's instructions actually placed that island as the minimum claim to be set out. The language was "Nothing less than the island of Luzon," instead of "Nothing more than the island of Luzon." It can be stated also that the correspondence submitted to the senate included all of the instructions to the American commissioners. The only omissions from the mass, it is stated, were letters touching matters in no way related to the Spanish negotiations.

Philadelphia Sails for Samoa.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The navy department has been notified that the flagship Philadelphia sailed Tuesday morning from San Diego, Cal., for Honolulu, on her way to Samoa, under instructions to protect American interests there.

The Blow May Prove Fatal.

BEDFORD, Ind., Feb. 1.—Lewis Chastain was hit on the head Monday night and has not yet regained consciousness. He will probably die. The trouble arose over a board bill.

HAVE NO HOPE FOR DREYFUS

The Guilt or Innocence of the Accused Is a Mere Matter of Sentiment With Frenchmen.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The most ardent supporters of the theory that Dreyfus was unjustly condemned now admit that there is no longer the least hope that justice will be done.

A prominent member of the University of Paris, who, from the first has been a militant champion of a revision of the trial, says:

"For ninety-nine out of a hundred Frenchmen, the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus is a matter of sentiment. All the reasoning in the world would not induce them to change their attitude. There are millions of Frenchmen who will insist upon Dreyfus' guilt in spite of any proof to the contrary. A terrible feature of the situation is that the attitude of this majority is dictated by motives which they believe to be deserving of the highest respect. I admit that some of the Dreyfusards are much to blame for this. The best cause may be ruined by disreputable adherents and there are men on the Dreyfus side of whom every patriotic Frenchman is the natural enemy. While the majority of us have merely demanded that justice should be done, a pestilential minority has made this demand an excuse for virulent onslaughts on institutions we hold in great esteem."

In conclusion the member of the university predicted that the result of the agitation will be "an onslaught of unparalleled violence on the Jews, as the masses are convinced that they are at the bottom of the whole trouble."

HE SUICIDED BY BURNING.

A Prisoner in a California Jail Pours Coal Oil Over His Clothes From An Imitated Stove.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—A horrible suicide occurred Wednesday in the San Francisco jail and two prisoners narrowly escaped death. Anthony Burtle who on July 14, 1897, shot Sigmund Braverman, a jeweler, received a seven years' sentence for his crime, committed suicide by burning himself to death in his cell. He secured some coal oil from the stove which was used to heat the cell and poured it over his clothes while the other prisoners were asleep. He then ignited the oil and in a few seconds his entire body was enveloped in flames. The cell caught fire and the sleeping cell mates were also badly burned before the guards could subdue the flames. Burtle was frightfully burned and lived but a short time. Burtle had made several unsuccessful attempts to destroy himself.

DEATH OF THE "BOGIE MAN."

He Died of a Rare Disease, Called by Physicians Acromegaly, Or "Swelling of the Bones."

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—George Rogers, who was known in the vicinity in which he lived as the "Bogie Man," died Wednesday in the county hospital of a rare disease which the physicians have called acromegaly, swelling of the bones. His hands and feet were greatly swollen and his jaw was over four times the normal length. The distance from the frontal bone to the chin in the ordinary man is eight to ten inches, and in Rogers' this had grown to 30 inches.

Although a refined and educated man he was so sensitive over his appearance that he withdrew from his friends and family and lived in a barn in an obscure part of the city. He was taken from the barn to the hospital in a starving condition, and after his death his brother-in-law, at Rogers' request caused his body to be cremated in order that the doctors might not hold a post mortem examination.

ANOTHER CURRENCY BILL.

Caucus of House Republicans to Decide the Question of Considering One During This Session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A caucus of the republicans of the house has been called for Thursday night at 8 o'clock to decide upon the question of considering a currency bill at this session. The coinage, weights and measures committee has the bill to fix the standard of value and for other purposes, including the retirement of the greenbacks, on the calendar, and the friends of the measure have been persistently urging the committee on rules to grant time for its consideration.

The Indianapolis monetary convention committee has been urging similar action and Tuesday all the republican friends of currency reform were given a hearing in the room of the speaker as a result of which it was decided to call a caucus of republicans to determine upon a course of action. It may be that some other matters may be brought before the caucus.

Beer for Americans in the Philippines.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 2.—The steamship Empress of Japan sailed Wednesday for Yokohama and Hong Kong. She carried over 1,000,000 bottles of beer for Americans in the Philippines.

An Exciting Hotel Fire.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 2.—The Oxford hotel, Seventh and St. Charles streets, was partially burned Wednesday and 30 guests had a narrow escape. Three in the top story were rescued by firemen with ladders.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—SENATE.—As the senate adjourned about to conclude consideration of the pension appropriation bill late Thursday afternoon Mr. Butler (Pop. N. C.) offered his amendment announced some time ago, providing for the pensioning of ex-confederate soldiers. Upon this he took the floor and delivered a speech, which as he proceeded, developed into a most unexpected utterance. While his colleagues on both sides of the chamber listened with interest, Mr. Butler defended the position taken by the south during the great civil conflict of a third of a century ago. He declared that the south was right and that history would record; and that every shot fired by a southern soldier was fired in defense of the rights of his state conferred by the constitution, in self-defense and in defense of his home and fireside.

HOUSE.—The third day of the debate upon the bill for the reorganization and increase of the regular army passed without notable incident. Its feature was an hour's speech by Mr. Grosvenor (D.), whose utterances, rightly or wrongly, were frequently supposed to reflect the views of the president. Mr. Grosvenor declared most emphatically that the present situation in the Philippines was due to the position in this country to the ratification of the peace treaty. He announced that the future of the islands was a matter for congress to decide, and that for the president to announce a policy would be for him to usurp the authority of congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—SENATE.—Particular interest was manifested in the senate Friday in a brief speech delivered by T. C. Platt, New York, on the general subject of expansion. Mr. Platt took for his text the amendment to the resolution offered by Mr. Vest of Missouri, but on the course of his speech merely touched upon the constitutional question involved in the proposed declaration. A resolution was offered by Mr. Sullivan (Miss.) declaring that the ratification of the treaty should not commit the government to a colonial policy. The pension appropriation bill, the second of the general appropriation measures, was passed after some debate.

HOUSE.—The opposition to the army reorganization bill on the republican side of the house has become so strong that Friday Chairman Hull, after Mr. Henderson (La.), one of the floor leaders of the majority, had threatened to vote to recommit the bill, decided it would be wise in order to insure its passage, to abandon the idea of providing directly for a regular army of 100,000 men. He announced on the floor that the committee would offer amendments reducing the number of enlisted men to about 60,000, but lodge in the president's discretion the authority to increase the army to a maximum of 100,000. These amendments have been prepared. They provide that the president may, in his discretion, enlist only 60 men in the infantry companies and 60 in the cavalry troops.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—SENATE.—Senator Fiske continued his argument for the ratification of the peace treaty with Spain in Saturday's executive session of the senate. He declared that the president had made the only speech of the day's session. The principal questions under consideration Saturday were those relating to the payment of claims against the Spanish government, the reasons for agreeing to Spain for the improvements made in the Philippines and the reason for extending to Spain the benefit of an open-door policy in her former possessions. There were various interruptions by other senators, who, however, confined themselves to questions. The consular bill, carrying nearly \$1,000,000, was passed.

HOUSE.—The house Saturday continued the consideration of the army reorganization bill until 2 o'clock, when the members paid their tributes to the memory of the late Representative Simpkins, of Massachusetts. Very little progress was made with the army bill, the only amendment being adopted being that offered by the committee to give veterans in cavalry regiments the rank, pay and allowances of second lieutenants. The time before the adjournment was chiefly devoted to a continuation of the debate on the advisability of retaining the Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—SENATE.—An effort on the part of Mr. Allison to obtain consideration of the senate Monday for the Insular appropriation bill precipitated a running debate which occupied all the time until the senate, at 2 o'clock, went into executive session on the peace treaty. Mr. Jones (Ark.), leading the opponents of the treaty, opened the debate. "The house put in a hard day's work on the army bill Monday and Monday night and when it adjourned 13 of the 20 pages had been completed. The committee amendments giving the president discretionary power to reduce the size of the infantry company from 100 to 60 men each, and the cavalry troops to 60 men each were adopted, and also a series of amendments to reduce the officers of the staff 331."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—SENATE.—During the entire morning hour Tuesday the senate had under consideration the policy of the treaty before the Philippine islands. Mr. Berry (Ark.), in a speech upon the resolution offered by Mr. Vest, discussed the policy of expansion without a reference to the constitutional point involved in the treaty. An attempt by Mr. Bacon (Ga.) to secure a vote upon his resolution which in brief declares that the United States government will not make war upon a people seeking for their freedom precipitated a lively debate which terminated in the adjournment of the senate.

HOUSE.—The bill to reorganize and increase the standing army to about 100,000 men, but giving the president authority to reduce the size of infantry companies and cavalry troops to 60 men each, thus fixing a minimum of about 50,000 enlisted men, passed the house Tuesday by a vote of 168 to 125. This was the result of a week of hard and often picturesque fighting on the floor. Before the house adjourned Tuesday, the river and harbor bill was formally called up in order to make it the unfinished business in the committee of the whole.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—SENATE.—For a few moments in the senate Wednesday it seemed likely that a vote might be taken on one or more of the resolutions relating to expansion that are pending before that body. An unusually large attendance of republican senators were in attendance, all of them having been notified to be present in the event of a critical vote on the pending question. Mr. Bacon (Ga.) had called up his resolutions, and Mr. Chandler (N.H.) had withdrawn his motion to refer them to the committee on foreign relations. Mr. Sullivan (Miss.) had entered a motion to substitute his resolution for those of Mr. Bacon, while Mr. Davis, chairman of foreign relations committee, had announced that he was willing that a vote should be taken immediately. As it was evident, however, that a vote on the resolutions and amendments could not be taken before 2 o'clock—the hour fixed by unanimous consent for the senate to go into executive session.

HOUSE.—The house entered upon the consideration of the river and harbor bill Wednesday and made rapid progress. Fifty of the 85 pages of the bill had been completed when the house adjourned. The bill appropriates directly about \$12,500,000, and authorizes contracts to the extent of \$10,000,000 additional. The general debate was unusually brief. Its feature was a speech in opposition to the bill by Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, who has fought every river and harbor bill for the last six years.

Succeeded in Her Fifth Attempt.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—During the last three years Mrs. Amelia Lutz, of this city, has repeatedly attempted to commit suicide by hanging herself. Each time her husband has cut the rope and rescued her, but Tuesday she made the eighth attempt and succeeded.

Received by the Pope.

ROME, Feb. 2.—The pope received Archbishop Ireland at noon Wednesday. At the end of the audience the archbishop presented to the pontiff two ecclesiastics of his diocese.

After the Grip

Thousands of people say Hood's Sarsaparilla quickly restores the appetite, regulates the heart, vitalizes the blood, cures those sharp pains, dizziness, heavy head, that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla has marvelous power to expel all poisonous disease germs from the blood, and overcome the extreme weakness which is one of the peculiar effects of the grip. Get only

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America's Greatest Medicine for the grip. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

USELESS STRATAGEM.

A Smart Trick That Failed to Work Upon Some Fearless Stage Robbers.

"Yep, th' road agents used t' be purty reckless w'en I wuz drivin' stage wuz back in th' 70's," remarked Tank Wilson, reminiscently, "an' all kinds of schemes was put up t' throw them off'n the scent."

"Time was changed on all the stage routes, an' dummy mail bags an' express boxes were carried, but 'twan't no use."

"Th' wust case 'o' hold-up I ever experienced wuz durin' th' smallpox scare. We wuz full of passengers, inside an' out, an' every one 'o' them carried a belt 'o' gold dust. We had heard that a new individual had taken to th' road, an' tharfore makes out precautions."

"Of course, if six or seven men holds up a stage it ain't no use to fight, 'cause only one shows himself an' all th' rest ambushes an' gits th' drop on you. Then they comes ferrard an' takes your wealth."

"So we gets up a scheme. We knows road agents is purty much askeered 'o' smallpox, so we takes along an ole tramp, wraps him up in bandages an' hangs out a yaller flag from th' roof 'o' the stage."

"Jest as we wuz pullin' out 'o' a canyon we hears a familiar hail, an', of course, pulls up."

"'Wat's that yeller flag for?' asks a feller, with his Winchester at his cheek, a powerful big feller with a mask on."

"Passenger's got th' smallpox!" I answers, in a warnin' tone.

"'Wal, all you passengers git out an' hol' your han's up!' was the answer. 'Throw down them mail bags, an' thar there express box!'"

"Them villains took ev'ry bit 'o' dust that wuz carried on the stage, an' then th' head villain thought a moment to himself, an' then pulls th' band 'o' n' th' tramp, then he grins, an' says somethin' 'o' one 'o' his padners, who pulls a small box out'n his pocket."

"Th' head villain then ranges his men where they could shoot us down if we moved, an' he dips his knife point in th' box an' then jabs it a half inch inter th' tramp's arm. He does the same 'o' each an' ev'ry one 'o' us an' then sez:

"'Now, there's no danger, gen'men. You're all vaccinated. As fer me an' my frens, we ain't askeered 'o' no smallpox. Ef we wuz 'o' remove these yere masks, you would see we is all pockmarked.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR PODUNK'S HOTEL.

Some Valuable Points About Putting Up a Cheap But Attractive Menu.

He winked familiarly at the landlord as he paid his bill and in a confidential tone remarked:

"I don't mind telling you that I am thinking of going into the hotel business myself for a change. Yes, sir, that's so! I've bought the biggest place for sale in Podunk, and mebbe you wouldn't mind telling me a few things about keeping a hotel—specially you're right in the business. There's the menu, now; some little points on that might work. We don't know everything down in Podunk."

The landlord rubbed the bald spot on his brow and thought a moment before he said:

"There's chicken croquettes," he said; "chicken comes high this time of year."

"I see."

"Not one in a thousand can tell the difference between veal and chicken."

"Geewh! Likens! There's a pointer to start with."

"Fried chicken costs money. Fried rabbit tastes like it, and the difference goes into your pocket."

"Golly, I'm gettin' rich already."

"Quail on toast reads fine on the menu. You don't suppose we folks in the city pamper our guests on real quail? Baby owls taste so much like quail you can't tell one from t'other. And out your way owls will be thick as pumpkins. Then there's beet. Of course you've heard of the hippopotamus theory."

"The w-h-y-4-4?"

"Click! click! Yes, old rascals. You can buy them by the bunch of a hundred for a song."

The man from Podunk turned pale. "I guess I've got all the points I can remember at once, and if you ever come our way give me a call. Good-day. Fried rabbit? Owls on toast! H-i-p-p-o! I reckon I'll call the line there. Great business, this hotel-keeping, anyhow."—Chicago Times-Herald.

How He Writes Them.

"I am surprised to learn that the young man to whom I have been talking writes those brilliant and profound articles which have caused so much comment," said the fair stranger to the native.

"Does he claim that he writes them?" asked the native.

"He gave me to understand so. Isn't it true?"

"Oh, yes, it's true enough," replied the native. "He writes them—from dictation. He's private secretary and amanuensis to the man who composes them."—Chicago Post.

Warned.

"Ain't you worried about the trusts?" asked the nervous citizen.

"No," answered the easy-going citizen. "If they make trouble they'll have to stand their share of it. I've done my duty. I wrote and published a card calling their attention to whether they are drifting, and asking them please not to do so, and now, if they persist, it's their own fault. My conscience is clear."—Washington Star.

Superfluous Law.

"This copyright law is all bosh," said the exuberant young writer. "Just a scheme to make money."

"I thought it an excellent law."

"Bah, it's a fraud. I never copyright my stories and no one steals them."—Detroit Free Press.

Business.

Goodly—What is grander than a man you can trust?
Cynicus—One who will trust you.—Jewish Comment.

The Right Way.

"And you say you ate horse steak in Paris? How was it served?"
"A la cart, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Which is the worse, a joke you can't see the point of, or a point you can

OPTIMISM.

There's a word of gentle meaning,
"Afterwhile."
It's the sesame of dreaming,
"Afterwhile."
When our fortunes halt and vary,
It's the watchword of the fairy,
From hope's sweet vocabulary,
"Afterwhile."
We will hear no sounds of battle,
"Afterwhile."
We will miss the cannon's rattle,
"Afterwhile."
Men will put away the saber
And together they will labor
Each to help a helping neighbor,
"Afterwhile."
This old earth will cease its sorrow,
"Afterwhile."
There will dawn a peaceful morrow,
"Afterwhile."
When all grief is but tradition,
Giving (tis its rightful mission),
Contrast to life's best condition,
"Afterwhile."
—Washington Star.



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SYNOPSIS.

D'Auria, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Sen. de Rone to examine into a charge against D'Auria. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Pere, prisoners. D'Auria, angered by insulting manner of De Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoner escapes. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and D'Auria is told he will hang if found alive at close of tomorrow's battle. Riding over field next day D'Auria finds Nicholas, victim of De Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, D'Auria, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Rone's corpse, and Babette stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from De Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues D'Auria, and afterwards he sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat, where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Plying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom D'Auria cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; D'Auria escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordinance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, D'Auria secures from him a servant, Ravallac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Pain and Madame arrive in Paris. D'Auria has suspicions aroused concerning Ravallac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. Fearing his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if Madame be saved. D'Auria therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment, during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Pain, de Belin and his host. Pantin assembled in council. Next morning Pantin and d'Auria, disguised, go to Toison d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and Madame had been taken. D'Auria hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where, through a skylight, he witnesses meeting of de Gomeron and two confederates. They plan another meeting for that night when Biron will be present. He determines to communicate again with Sully, but Ravallac and de Gomeron being below, and fearing detection, is compelled to bide his opportunity. After a time he sees in window opposite face of Madame. They communicate by means of signs, he telling her deliverance is at hand. When night falls D'Auria goes to join de Belin, whom he meets on his way with Pantin and a friend. All go to find the king (who is on a night frolic) at an ordinary.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

At last we reached More's, and as we entered the hall I could not help wondering if the good Parisians knew that their king was playing at primero in an ordinary of the city, and would be later on, perhaps, pursued by the watch. More, whom I had not seen since my affair with d'Ayen, was in the hall, and at a word from de Belin, conducted us himself up the stairway, though looking askance at me. We at length gained a long corridor at the beginning of which Pantin was left. Through the closed doors of a private dining-room at the end of this we could hear shouts of laughter. "His majesty and M. de Vitry arrived scarce a half hour ago," whispered More as we approached the door. "We will not trouble you further," replied the compe; "it is the rule at these little parties to enter unannounced." With these words he put his hand to the door, and went in, I following at his heels. There were at least ten or a dozen men in the room standing round a table, at which sat the king engaged at play with M. de Bassompierre. Neither the king nor Bassompierre, who seemed absorbed in the game, took the least notice of our entrance, nor did they seem in the least disturbed by the constant laughter and converse that went on. The others, however, stopped, and then burst out in joyous greetings of de Belin, and very haughty glances at me. In the meantime the king played on, taking no notice of anyone, his beaked nose dropping lower toward his chin as he lost one rouble after another to Bassompierre. "Ventre St. Gris!" he exclaimed at last, "was ever such luck? At this rate I shall not have a shirt on my back in half an hour."

Sully, "we could start off at once, sire, instead of risking any more. I see de Belin has brought our guide."

"Yes; where is Biron? I am sick of this," said the king, who was a bad loser, rose from his seat impatiently, at the same time forgetting to hand over the last rouleau of pistoles he had lost to Bassompierre, and thrusting them back into his pocket with an absent gesture.

As if in answer to his question, the door opened, admitting the slight figure and handsome face of de Gie.

"Where is the marshal? Where is Biron?" asked ten voices in a breath.

"Yes, M. de Gie," put in the king, "where is Biron?"

"Sire, the marshal is indisposed. He has begged me to present his excuses and to say he is too ill to come to-night," and as he spoke I saw de Gie's jeweled fingers trembling, and his cheek had lost all color.

"This is sorry news to spoil a gay evening," said the king; and the master general, pulling a comfit box from his vest pocket, toyed with it in his hand as he followed. "Biron must be ill indeed to stay away, sire. What does your majesty think? Shall we begin our rambles by calling on monseigneur?"

"The very thing, grand master; we will start at once."

"But, sire, the marshal is too ill to see anyone, even your majesty," said de Gie, desperately, and with whitening lips.

I thought I heard de Vitry mutter "Traitor," under his thick mustache, but the guardsman parried my glance with an unconcerned look. There was a silence of a half a minute at de Gie's speech, and the king reddened to his forehead.

"If it is as you say, M. le Vicomte, I know the marshal too well not to feel sure that there are two persons whom he would see were he dying—which God forbid—and one of the two is his king. Grand master, we will go, but"—and his voice took a tone of sharp command, and his eye rested first on de Gie and then on the figure of a tall cavalier, at whose throat flashed the jewel of the St. Esprit—"but I must first ask M. de Vitry to do his duty."

As for me, I was dumb with astonishment, and half the faces around me were filled with amazement. Then de Vitry's voice broke the stillness.

"My lord of Epernon, your sword—and you, too, M. le Vicomte."

The duke slipped off his rapier with a sarcastic smile and handed the weapon to the captain of the guard; but we could hear the clicking of the hunkles as de Gie's trembling fingers tried in vain to unclasp his belt. So agitated was he that de Vitry had to assist him in his task before it was accomplished.

The king spoke again in the same grating tones:

"M. de Bassompierre and you, de Luyne, I leave the prisoners in your charge. In the meantime, messieurs, we will slightly change our plans. I shall not go myself to the marshal's house; but I depute you, grand master, and these gentlemen here, all except de Vitry, who comes with me, to repair there in my name. Shall M. de Biron not be able to see you, you will come to me—the grand master knows where."

"You will be careful, sire," said Sully. "Mordieu! Yes—go, gentlemen."

I was about to follow the others, but de Belin caught me by the arm as he passed out. "Stay where you are," he whispered, and then he waited until the footsteps died away along the corridor, the king standing with his brows bent and muttering to himself:

"If it were not true—if it were not true."

Suddenly he roused himself. "Come, de Vitry—my mask and cloak—and you, too, sir," he said, turning on me with a harsh glance. He put on his mask, drew the collar of his roquelaure up to his ears, and in a moment I recognized the silent stranger who had ridden off so abruptly from under the portico of St. Meri. I could not repress my start of surprise, and I thought I caught a strange glance in de Vitry's eyes, but the king's face was impassive as stone.

"We go out by the private stair, sire," d'Aubusson is there with the horses. With these words he lifted the tapestry of the wall and touched a door. It swung back of its own accord, and the king stepped forward, the captain of the guard and myself on his heels. When we gained the little street at the back of More's we saw there three mounted men with three led horses.

De Vitry adjusted the king's stirrup, who sprang into the saddle in silence, and then motioning me to do likewise, mounted himself.

"Monsieur," said the king to me, reining in his restive horse, "you will lead us straight to your lodging, next to the Toison d'Or."

"Yes, sire," I made answer; "but it will be necessary to leave the horse by St. Martin's, as their presence near the Toison d'Or might arouse curiosity and suspicion."

"I understand, monsieur, have the goodness to lead on."

At St. Martin's we dismounted. There was a whispered word between the lieutenant and de Vitry, and then the king, de Vitry and myself pressed forward on foot, leaving d'Aubusson and the troopers with the horses. It would take too long, if indeed I have the power, to describe the tumult in my mind as we wound in and out of the cross streets and by lanes toward the Toison d'Or. At last we came to the jaws of the blind passage, and I whispered to de Vitry that we were there. The king turned to de Vitry and asked:

"Are you sure the signals are understood, de Vitry?"

"Yes, sire."

There was no other word spoken, and keeping on the off side of the road, to avoid passing immediately before the door of the Toison d'Or, where it was possible a guard might be set, we went onward toward my lodging. Favored by the mist which still hung over the passage, we got through without accident; but I perceived that not a light glimmered from the face of Babette's

house, though I could hear the bolts of the entrance door being drawn, as if some one had entered a moment or so before we had come up. My own lodging was, however, different, and through the glaze of the window we could see the sickly glare of the lamp in the shop where monsieur and madame were no doubt discussing the business of the day.

"We must quiet my landlord and his wife," I whispered to Vitry as we came up to the door.

"Very well," he said, and then I knocked.

The fence, who was alone, himself opened the door. "Ah, captain," he exclaimed, "we thought you were lost; but I see you have friends." He said no more, for I seized his throat with a grip of iron, whilst de Vitry leaped him up with his own belt. An improvised gag put a stop to all outcry, and in a trice he was lying like a log amongst his own stolen wares.

"So far so good. De Vitry, you will stay here. At the first sound of the grand master's whistle you will answer it, and they will know what to do. I have something to say to M. d'Auria. Take me to your room, sir."

I bowed, and lighting a taper that stood in a holder of molded brass—a prize that had doubtless come to my landlord through one of his clients—led the way up the rickety stairs, and, stopping at the door of my chamber, opened it to let the king pass. For an instant he hesitated, fixing his keen and searching eyes on me—eyes that flashed and sparkled beneath the mask that covered half his features, and then spoke:

"M. d'Auria, are you still an enemy of your king?"

I could make no answer. I did not know what to say—and stood, candle in hand, in silence. Then Henry laughed shortly and stepped into the room, and shut the door as I followed, and turned up the lamp on my table. Then, facing the king, I said: "Sire, I await your orders."

He had flung off his cloak and mask, and was leaning against the wardrobe, one hand on the hilt of his sword, and at my words he spoke slowly: "I desire to see this room in the Toison d'Or, and to look upon the assembly that has met there with my own eyes."

"Now, sire!"

"Yes, now."

"Your majesty, it is not now possible!"

"Ventre St. Gris—not possible!"

"Permit me, sire—the only way is by this window. If your majesty will step here, you will see the risk of it. I will go and see if they have met; but I conjure you not to make the attempt. The slightest accident would be fatal."

"Do you think I have never sealed a rock before," he said, craning out of the window. "Am I a child, M. d'Auria, or miltommes!" Because my beard is gray, am I in my dotage? I will go, sir—and thank God that for this moment I can drop the king and be a simple knight. You can stay behind, monsieur, if you like. I go to test the truth of your words."

"Your majesty might save yourself the trouble. I again entreat you—your life belongs to France."

"I know that," he interrupted haughtily, "no more prating, please—will you go first, or shall I?"

There was no answer to this. It flashed on me to call to de Vitry for aid to stop the king; but one look at those resolute features before me convinced me that such a course would be useless. I lowered the light, and then testing the ends of the ladder again and again, made the ascent as before. Leaning through the embrasure I saw the dark figure of the king already holding on to the ladder, and he followed me as agile as a cat. Making a long arm I seized him by the shoulder, and with this assistance he clambered over the parapet and lay beside me.

One by one we stole up to the skylight, and the king, raising himself, glanced in, my eyes following over his shoulders. For full five minutes we were there, hearing every word, seeing every soul. And then the king bent down softly, and, laying a hand on my shoulder, motioned me back. It was not until we reached the parapet that he said anything, and it was as if he were muttering a prayer to himself.

When we got back I helped him to dress. He did not, however, resume his roquelaure or hat, but stood playing with the hilt of his sword, letting his eye run backward and forward over the vacant space in my room. At last he turned to me.

"Monsieur, you have not answered a question I put you one evening here."

"Sire," I answered boldly, "is it my fault?"

He began to pull at his mustache, keeping his eyes to the ground and saying to himself: "Sully will not be here for a little, there is time." As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half minute must have passed before he spoke again.

"Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another there is only one course open. There is room enough here—take your sword and your place."

"I—I—I," I stammered. "Your majesty, I do not understand."

"I never heard that M. de Chevalier was dense on these matters. Come, sir, time presses; your place."

"May my hand wither if I do," I burst out; "I will never stand so before the king."

"Not before the king, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged, too. What! Is d'Auria so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henry de Bourbon?"

And then it was as if God himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my king.

He raised me gently. "Monsieur, I thank you; it is much for a king to have gained a friend, and hark! If I am not mistaken here is de Vitry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

People who think they are misunderstood are really understood too well.—Chicago Record.

MARK TWAIN'S PET CATS.

A Quartette of Pretty Mousers That Basked in an Atmosphere of Fame.

You might not suspect the great humorist Mark Twain of being fond of cats and dogs. Though it would seem that his mind must be thronged with queer fancies and imaginary characters, always getting into laughable and difficult situations, Mark Twain yet has room for thoughts of friends belonging to the animal kingdom. He once owned four of the prettiest and daintiest mousers that ever basked in an atmosphere of fame.

When Mark Twain lived at "Quarry Farm," a picturesque home high up on a southern New York mountain, overlooking many miles of landscape, he did most of his writing in a little eight-sided summer-house, which he called his "Pilot House," in memory of the days long ago when he was a pilot on the Mississippi river. . . . Cozily nestling in a great chair or snuggled comfortably upon an old lounge in this literary workshop, at almost any time of the day, could be found Mark Twain's pets. They were allowed there because they had the good manners to keep quiet while he worked. If they had presumed to jump upon the desk and put their little feet upon the manuscript or tip over the ink, they would not have been allowed to remain.

The cozy little Pilot house was very popular with these cats. It may have been because it was such a nice, sunny place, having windows upon all of its sides. Being upon the very tip-top of the great hill, it received the warmth of the first and last rays of the sun, of which these pets were quite as fond as was the humorist himself. Mark Twain knew that although cats are said to have nine lives, the time must come when even his pets and he would have to part, so one day he summoned Mr. Van Alen, the photographer. . . . A jealous dog did his best to prevent a photograph's being taken, but in vain; and two good views of them were obtained. Mark Twain himself thus sings the requiem of his pets:

"Hartford, Conn.
"I don't know as there is anything of continental or international interest to communicate about these cats. They had no history. They did not distinguish themselves in any way. They died early—on account of being overweighted with their names, it was thought—Sour Mash, Apollinaris, Zoroaster, Blatherskite—names given them, not in an unfriendly spirit, but merely to practice the children in large and difficult styles of pronunciation."

"It was a very happy idea—I mean for the children."

"MARK TWAIN."
—Edwin Wildman, in St. Nicholas.

WHY HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP.

Little Jake Thought the Beating Was Not Half as Bad as Being Called a Spaniard.

"Soak it to him, Chimmie!"

"Biff him hard, Jake!"

These and similar exclamations of encouragement, oft repeated, came from a crowd of intensely eager boys and girls and not a few grinning men assembled around two little gladiators engaged in a serious fist duel on Mulberry street not very far from police headquarters the other afternoon.

Some of the grinning men looked half ashamed of their role of tolerant spectators of the encounter. The air of superficial amusement of the remainder scarcely concealed the real interest with which they followed every movement of the fighters.

To the latter it was no laughing matter. One, a slight pale lad with a dogged, determined look, and thin, firmly compressed lips, was obviously outclassed by his more robust and furiously angry opponent, who was punishing him severely, but he would not avow himself vanquished.

"Let up, Chimmie, he's had enough," interposed Chimmie's friends.

Jake, bruised and bleeding, picked himself up from the ground and protested fiercely that he had not done with the enemy and proposed to "fish him up if I get smashed."

The battle was resumed, and Jake went down heavily, striking his head on the curbstone. He was picked up dazed and weak, but still defiant.

A man pushed his way through the crowd and restrained him.

"You're grit all through, my boy, but it's no use, he's too much for you," he said.

"But he called me a Spaniard!" exclaimed the boy passionately, with tears of baffled rage in his eyes as he struggled to free himself from the man's grasp. "Me a Spaniard! And me fadder was killed in de war!"

"I was only 'guyin' yer," admitted Chimmie, sullenly, seeming to realize at this reminder all the enormity of the insult. "You're all right, Jake."

A tall figure in a helmet and a blue coat with brass buttons came sauntering down the street from the direction of police headquarters. Chimmie, the mollified Jake, and their admirers went off together. The crowd dwindled away, and peace once more reigned in Mulberry street.—N. Y. Times.

A Justifiable Protest.

"What's that?" cried the convicted incendiary. "Five years? Well, if you people ain't about the worst I ever ran up against! Here I goes out in the evening an' sets fire to the tallest building in town—sets fire to it so that in less'n a minute th' thing's shootin' blaze 100 feet up into th' sky. The whole population is there quicker'n sent, all of you tickled to death at th' sight! For four an' five hours you stood there watchin' th' fire—hours of solid enjoyment too—an' it not costin' you a cent! Why, a circus or th' theater or a scandal trial wouldn't have given you half as much fun, an' you know it! An' yet you sit there an' bring in a verdict givin' me five years in th' penitentiary—me that's shown you all a good time an' ought to be considered as a benefactor if there wuz any gratitude in th' human boozum!"—N. Y. Journal.

CATCHING BEAR CUES.

Amusing Methods That Are Adopted by Hunters in the Yellowstone Park.

The national zoo at Washington is supplied with many animals from the Yellowstone national park, where they are caught young. The park abounds with all kinds of wild animals and birds, from the hated and detested English sparrow to the sly and cunning mountain lion, but it is unlawful to hunt or molest them, excepting when those delegated with authority capture bears, elk, deer or swan, or other gayly feathered birds for the zoo in the nation's capital. The capture of the bears is attended with much excitement. The methods adopted are so peculiar that they will cause many to stop and think twice before they believe what they read.

The cubs caught are always found up some comparatively small tree, sleeping or resting on the branches with their mother. When espied by the hunters, who are unarmed, excepting for a large ax, a couple of leather collars and several pieces of rope, the first thing done is to get rid of the mother bear, who scented the hunters long before they saw her or her little ones. That is not a difficult nor dangerous task, but a very ludicrous one, full of fun and excitement. As a usual thing, one of the hunters climbs a near-by tree, and armed with a long pole, which was cut by his companions while he climbs the tree, proceeds to dislodge the mother. This he does by prodding her in the sides with the pole, which is cut long enough to reach from one tree to the other. The first punch or two usually causes the old bear to hug the limb of the tree upon which she rests all the tighter, and during the time she rends the air by a peculiar grunt, made by protruding the lower lip several inches and forcing the air from her lungs through the half-open mouth. The cubs are not long in scenting danger, and they, too, grunt and growl, rolling their bead-like eyes from side to side in terror, hunching their soft backs in their endeavors to cling to the tree all the more securely.

A few vigorous punches in the sides soon causes the mother to shift her position from limb to limb, grunting and snarling at the time at a great rate. It is often the case that she will seek refuge on the opposite side of the tree, beyond the reach of the man with the pole. That necessitates his companion cutting a pole for himself and climbing another tree on the opposite side, from which position of vantage he continues the jabbing process. The bear is between "the devil and the high sea," and after climbing from limb to limb, only to receive vigorous prods in the ribs and back, soon gives up the unequal fight, and, with a grunt, evidently a signal to her young to retreat, she slides down the trunk, scraping off the loose bark in the descent, until almost to the bottom, when she gives a leap, striking the ground with a thud and grunt and goes scampering off in the forest, probably never to return, leaving her young up the tree, which at her departure rend the air with their peculiar and heart-rending cries.

Then comes the difficult and no less amusing task of capturing the young. This takes time, often consuming an hour or more, but always with the same result. The men arm themselves with long ropes, with a slipnoose at one end, and climb neighboring trees. The capture by this time has resolved itself down to the ability of the men to throw the noose over the heads of the crying cubs. After the disappearance of their mother the little fellows curl themselves up in a ball, placing their heads between their front paws. It is impossible to do anything until the silence of the forest gives them a feeling of reassurance, and they poke out their heads to view the situation. It is then that the hunter quietly and dexterously drops the noose over the unsuspecting projecting head and with a quick jerk draws it tightly around his neck. The other end of the rope is quickly drawn over a limb, and poor Mr. Cub is drawn from his perch, the tightening noose shutting off his wind. He is drawn up sufficiently to clear the limb upon which he rested, and then he is lowered to the ground, kicking and squirming in midair, uttering gurgling sounds from his wide-open mouth. The man on the ground soon has a stout leather collar around his neck, and in a jiffy he is tied to a neighboring tree, where he recovers his breath and yells all the louder during the repetition of the scene attendant upon the capture of his mate.

Sometimes during this apparently barbarous but harmless mode of capture, the mother bear, attracted by the cries of her young, will return and view the captors from a distance, looking at the men and her cubs through a clump of bushes, and answering the cries of her young, as only a bear knows how, but never venturing very close, being easily scared away by the waving of the arms of the hunters and a shout or two.

In some instances, where the tree is small, it is cut off close to the ground after the mother bear has been frightened away, and is carried in an upright position to one of the hotels in the park, where it is lowered on its side in an inclosure and the cubs are caught at leisure.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Smell of Flowers.

A scientist of note has discovered that the smell of flowers is injurious to the voice. He declares that several operatic singers of his acquaintance owe the loss of their voices to their passion for certain sweet-smelling flowers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Theory and Practice.

She—I'm almost baked. I've been shut up in a close, stuffy room for two hours.

He—What was the occasion for that? "A meeting of our Fresh Air society." Yonkers Statesman.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Mrs. Box, excitedly. "There's 13 at table." "Never mind, ma," shouted little Johnnie, "I kin eat fur two."—The Rival.

Mother—"Whom do you love best, Tommy—mother, father or grandma?" Tommy (promptly)—"Custard."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

Customer—"Are my clothes ready?" Tailor—"Not yet, sir." Customer—"But you said you would have them done if you worked all night." Tailor—"Yes; but I didn't work all night."—Answers.

Officer—"What is your name?" Jones—"M'names—hic—James J. Jones." Officer—"What is your full name?" Jones—"Yesh, tha-thas full name—sober names J. Ja-jupes—hic—Jones."—Town Topics.

"We don't have no luck at our house like they have over to Johnny Smithers'." "Why, what kind of luck do the Smithers' have?" "Jimmy Smithers' father has dyspepsia, an' there's always a piece of pie left over an' Jimmy gets it."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

On the Road to Reformation.—Weary Walker—"Say, mum, could yer give a feller a little help ter keep him from breakin' a good reserlution?" Old Lady—"Of course, my good man. Here's a quarter for you. Now, tell me your resolution." "Never ter swipe anything, mum, ez long ez I could get money this easy. So long."—Philadelphia Record.

Influenza Patient—"What! doctor, do you mean to say you charge me five shillings a visit?" Doctor—"Certainly, just the same as anyone else." Influenza Patient—"Oh, but you ought to make a reduction for me. Why, I introduced the influenza into the neighborhood."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

HOME LIFE IN PORTO RICO.

Some Peculiarities of the People Who Have Just Become Subjects of Uncle Sam.

The native early-morning meal is a cup of coffee with milk—addiction to the black coffee habit does not exist on the island—and a piece of bread. Breakfast is served at 11 or 12 o'clock, and is seldom elaborate, unless guests are in the house. Boiled eggs, bread and coffee satisfy the ordinary man, but the hungry man eats his garlicky beefsteak in addition.

Dinner is the meal of the day, and is eaten between six and seven o'clock. This is the native's only full heavy meal, and this fact may account for his ability to eat a quantity of food which leaves the average American a victim of indigestion and remorse.

The positions of honor at a dinner table are, among older and non-traveled residents, in the following order: The head of the table to the most distinguished guest; the rest, in the order of their rank and importance, ranged around to the right, the host occupying the last seat after his guests. The women sit at the left of the table, all together. Among the more cultured classes the host occupies the head, the hostess the foot, the places of honor being the seats to the right and left of the host.

The evenings in the home—for instance, of an alcaide, the mayor of a town—are spent around the center of the marble-topped table, lazily rocking to and fro in the big chairs. The men smoke their cigarettes—the women never smoke—and a flow of small-talk, filled with simple jokes and sallies, constitutes the entire evening's amusement. Where they have pianos, the daughters exhibit their limited skill on instruments which are jangled and out of tune. One never sees a book or a magazine in these houses, though in two or three of the larger cities there are many literary men. Reading is not a strong point of the island population.—Special Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.

THE JEWISH NOSE.

It Is Not Alone to the Semitic Race That Large Noses Are Confined.

Secondly, as to the nose. Popularly he humped or hook nose constitutes the most distinctive feature of the Jewish face. Observations among the Jews, in their most populous centers, do not, however, bear out the theory. Thus Majer and Kopernicki (1885), in their extended series, found only nine per cent. of the hooked type—no greater frequency than among the Poles; a fact which Weissenberg confirms as to the relative scarcity of the convex nose in profile among his South Russian Jews. He agrees, however, that the nose is often large, thick and prominent. Feisbach (1877) measured the facial features of 19 Jews, and found the largest noses in a long series of people from all over the earth; exceeded in length, in fact, by the Patagonians alone. The hooked nose is, indeed, sometimes frequent outside the Jewish people. Olechnowicz found, for example, over a third of the noses of the gentry in southeast Poland to be of this hooked variety. Running the eye over our carefully chosen series of portraits, selected for us as typical from four quarters of Europe—Algeria, Russia, Bosnia, and the colonies of Asia—representing the African, Balkan, Spanish and Russian Ashkenazim varieties, visual impression will also confirm our deduction. The Jewish nose is not so often truly convex in profile. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that it gives a hooked impression. This seems to be due to a peculiar "rucking up of the wings" as Dr. Beddoe expresses it.—Prof. William Z. Ripley, in Appleton's

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOUREON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, } Editors and Owners.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.
payable to the order of FRANK & CO.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter.
Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion.
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line rates.
Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

Gov. BRADLEY will attend the Lincoln Day Banquet at Dayton, Ohio, next Saturday night and will respond to the toast "Abraham Lincoln—A Native Kentuckian."

RUDDLES MILLS.

Personals And Other Notes Gathered For The News Readers.

Mr. John Hanley has the grippe.

Mr. J. O. Martin still remains ill.

Miss Mary Hanley is the guest of friends at Cynthiana.

Mr. Mort Rankin moved to near Skinner bridge, Friday.

George Cox returned last week from a visit in Mt. Sterling.

Misses Axie Orne and Rosie Overbey, of Paris, visited here Sunday.

Miss Nannie Smith, of Cynthiana, is the guest of Miss Winnie Hanley.

Miss Virgie Ogle, of Paris, was the guest of Miss Effie Jett, last week.

Miss Mary Rhodes, of Nepton, Ky., is the guest of Miss Lizzie Snapp.

John Howard, who has been quite ill several days of pneumonia, is slightly improved.

Mr. P. J. Cracraft and Miss Iva Danton visited friends in Paris, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Joseph Ewalt and Miss Bessie Leonard, of Shawhan, called on Miss My Oliver Saturday evening.

Miss Fattie Hunter, who was the guest of relatives and friends here last week, returned to her home at Blue Lick Springs, Saturday.

A large number of young people enjoyed a dance Friday night at Mr. John Cain's; and on Monday night at Mr. George Moreland's, and Wednesday night at Mr. Frank Orme's.

At the sale of John Smith's stock, etc., Wednesday, the following prices were realized: 40 shotes from \$2.90 to \$4; 3 sows and pigs, from \$14.50 to \$18.25; 3 registered Poland Chinas, (in the) \$3.55 to \$3; 5-yr-old gelding, \$29; 4-yr-old gelding, \$46; 2 work mules, \$45 and \$65; pair mules, \$131; 20 yearling cattle to H. C. Current, at \$22.60; 20 head same to J. C. McClelland, at \$20.20. Farm implements sold low. The land was not off-red.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

A Popular Hotel.

ALWAYS popular, the Palace Hotel, Sixth and Vine street, was easily the most popular hotel in Cincinnati during the G. A. R. encampment. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and polite employees, and splendid management has made it the best \$2 and \$2.50 per day hotel in America. Kentuckians always find friends stopping at this hostelry. (27sep4s)

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

A Denver florist has produced a blue carnation.

Hall Caine is said to be writing a play for Maude Adams.

Mme. Patti has settled \$15,000 per year on her new husband.

The Buckingham theatre at Louisville burned yesterday morning, causing a loss of \$10,000. A live wire caused the fire.

The thrilling Kentucky romance "Nance," written by Miss Nanci Lewis Green, of Lexington, is being dramatized, and will be produced this season by a company which will be organized by a Lexington man.

Mrs. Fayne Strahn Moore, of Atlanta, who is in prison in New York for working the badger game on Martin Mahon, will go on the stage, under the management of Sam T. Jack. She will get two hundred dollars a week.

The Lexington Elks will produce the opera, "Polly, The Pet of The Regiment," at an early date. The opera will be given under the direction of A. C. Gutzeit, who made the Elk production of "Pi-afore" such a success. The opera may be given in Paris, Mt. Sterling and Richmond.

Manager Scott, who has just returned from New York, has booked Richard Mansfield for an appearance at the Lexington opera house on May 16th in the famous "Cyrano de Bergerac." This will be the greatest theatrical event Lexington has ever known. While in New York Manager Scott also booked "The Turtle," which has created such a sensation in Gotham, for a date this season.

"DARKEST AMERICA."

J. W. Vogel's "Darkest America" combined with his Afro-American Minstrels will be the attraction at the Grand Monday night. Mr. Vogel has been identified with the business of Al. G. Fields and Primrose & West for twelve years and is familiar with the management of minstrels, and offers many entertaining features in the combined enterprise which comes here Monday night. The band will give a free concert at noon and at 7:15 p. m. The sale of reserved seats will begin at Brooks' drug store this morning.

Mardi Gras

at New Orleans and Mobile QUEEN & CRESCENT Route, limited trains, equipped with elegance, running on fast time. One fare round trip tickets from Cincinnati and the north on sale daily, February 6 to 13, good until Feb. 28, to return. Also to Birmingham, Ala., on the same dates. W. C. RINEANSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-office. (tf)

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

John B. Lyle, of this city, won a \$250 purse race Wednesday at New Orleans with his horse, Agitator, a six to one shot.

Warren Bacon bought seven thousand bushels of wheat this week at Lair and Shawhan for Brent Bros., of this city, at seventy cents per bushel.

The Advocate says that Anderson & Spillman, of Danville, have bought three thousand bushels of wheat from George Harmon at seventy-five cents.

J. Will Forsyth, who is well known in this city, will race three four-year-old thoroughbred horses this season. They are by Eberlee, Strathmore and Imp. Wagner.

Cotswold EWES.—33 pure bred Cotswold ewes descended from Jos. Penn's fine flock. All bred to one of Hal Woodford's fine bucks. For sale by C. V. HIGGINS, Paris, Ky. (24jan-3w)

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Wm Miller, a negro rape fiend, will be hanged this morning at Lagrange.

Seven cases of smallpox were discovered in the Louisville jail yesterday.

LOUISVILLE has declared war on the English sparrows. The birds lost heavily on the first volley.

Fights between wildcats and bulldogs are popular diversions with Flemingsburg sports.

Richmond has quarantined against the colored population of Nicholasville on account of smallpox.

Of fourteen American soldiers who died between January 8 and 27, fourteen were victims of smallpox.

The Sellers Distillery, at Versailles, one of the oldest in Kentucky, has been sold to Joseph H. McDonald for \$6,000.

A three-year-old daughter of Ad Coleman turned to death at Harrodsburg by her clothing catching fire from an open grate.

In a primary election at Cynthiana Wednesday George M. Dickey won the endorsement of the Republican party as the choice for postmaster of Cynthiana.

Col. W. W. Baldwin has settled with the Fayette County Fiscal Court for his nine miles of turnpike lying within Fayette county, receiving a check for \$13,000 balance due.

There are thirty-two cases of smallpox in Louisville and 80 in Cincinnati. A case of small-pox has developed at Nicholasville and several persons have been exposed to the disease.

Bush W. Allen, Sr., Circuit Clerk, died Tuesday night, at Harrodsburg, aged fifty-six years. He was an ex-confederate. He was the father of thirteen children, twelve of whom are living.

The Shelby county grand jury has indicted eight insurance companies for combining to fix rates in Shelbyville. The companies talk of canceling their policies and withdrawing from the state.

The Hall Army Bill passed the House Tuesday by a vote of 168 to 125. Among the amendments adopted was one giving the President authority to reduce the strength of companies so as to make a minimum total of 50,000 men.

Five persons escaped from the Cynthiana jail Tuesday night. They tore a big stone from the inner wall and climbed over the outer wall by the aid of a rope, made of their bed clothes. They were traced about ten miles Tuesday night but have not yet been captured.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

Same Fares Via Washington.

Tickets to Philadelphia and New York via Washington are sold over Pennsylvania Short Lines via Louisville and Cincinnati at same fares as over direct line of Pennsylvania system. Tickets via Washington are good for ten days' stop-over at the National Capital. Fares, time of through trains and full information free for the asking. Address Geo. E. ROCKWELL, A. G. P. A., Agent, Cincinnati.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free. HAGGARD & REED.

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Paris, Ky.

New York, Edam, pine-apple, Neufchatel cheese.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

Nuts, raisins, dates, figs, currants, seedless raisins.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

WANTED.—Local or traveling salesmen to sell our Oils, Greases and Petroleum on commission exclusively, or as a side line. Goods guaranteed and prices low.

PENN PETROLATUM CO., Oil Refiners. (1t) CORAOPOLIS, PA.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong.

dim vision made clear, eyes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

FOR SALE.—One large anthracite stove. Apply to Dr. Ussery. (2t)

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.

From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.

From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.

From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.

To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.

To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:48 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.

To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

RELIC OF PAST AGE.

A Century Old Newspaper That Is Remarkably Well Preserved.

Mr. Glenn Brown, the architect, has an interesting relic in the shape of an old newspaper, probably one of the oldest publications to be found in this country. It is The Virginia Gazette and Alexandria Advertiser, published in Alexandria. The copy is dated Thursday, April 25, 1793. The motto of the paper, which is printed under the title, is as follows:

O thou by whose almighty nod the scale Of empires rises or alternate falls, Send forth the saving virtues round this land!

There is no mention made of the names of the publishers or editors, but an advertisement, which is inserted, asks for rags, old seines, fishing nets and the like to be brought to the office, so that paper can be made from it. From this it would seem that the firm manufactured its own paper.

In the news columns, which form but a small portion of the paper, the advertisements covering a greater part, is a dispatch dated London, Feb. 25 previous, giving an account of an insurrection in Ireland. There are also published Paine's reasons for preserving the life of Louis Capet. The plan of the new French constitution is given and a number of dispatches from Paris appear.

One of the most interesting advertisements in the paper is that of a lottery. It states that it will be given by the commissioner appointed to prepare the public buildings, etc., within the city of Washington for the reception of congress and for their permanent residence after the year 1800. Samuel Blodgett was the agent for the affair in this city.

The capital prize was a hotel, with all furnishings, valued at \$50,000. There were cash prizes of \$25,000, the whole amounting to \$350,000. The lottery, by the way, was never held, as much opposition was developed against it. Samuel Blodgett was the one whose heirs claimed a large portion of the national capital.

There are several advertisements for runaway slaves, offering rewards of from \$6 to \$16. There is an offer of a reward of \$40, which would seem large compared with those offered for the runaway slaves, for eight bushels of clover seed, stolen from Mount Vernon. The advertisement goes on to state that the clover seed was stolen from the granary and is supposed to have been taken by negroes. It is signed by Anthony Whiting, who was Washington's overseer.

There is an advertisement in the paper of the celebrated horse Eclipse, from which many of the thoroughbred horses of the present day have descended. There is also an advertisement of the opening of the city tavern at the sign of the "Bunch of Grapes" by John Wise. The statement is made that northern and southern mails will arrive at the office until Nov. 1 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

On one of the pages is a song composed for Lodge No. 10 "of Charleston," commonly called Portobacco.

The paper consists of four pages of four columns each. The size of the sheets is about 12 by 18 inches. The paper was published Thursdays of each week. The s's were all like f's. The paper has been remarkably well preserved.—Washington Star.

Miracles and Dilettantism.

"He (Pugin) visited Sant' Andrea della Fratte, the scene of the miraculous conversion of Abbe Ratisbonne, the Jew. Abbe Ratisbonne entered the church a Jew and came out a Christian, having seen there, he stated, a vision of our Lady. 'The story,' Pugin said after seeing the church, 'is demonstrably false. The man could not have said a prayer in such a hideous church. Our Lady could not have chosen such a church for a vision. The man could have had no piety in him to have staid in such a church at all.'

"The friend to whom his remarks were addressed replied, 'As I heard the story, Ratisbonne was not at the moment praying, but thinking of the uncountness of the architecture of the place.' Pugin's whole face changed. 'Is that so? Then he was a man of God. He knew what true Christianity was, though he was a Jew. I honor him. Our Lady would have come to him anywhere. The story is demonstrably true.'—'Life of Cardinal Wiseman,' by Wilfrid Ward.

Duck Eggs In an Albumen Factory.

Near Chingkiang, China, is a great albumen factory for the utilization of the duck eggs which are produced in that region in enormous quantities, flocks of 4,000 and 5,000 ducks being by no means uncommon. The eggs are broken at the rate of from 40,000 to 60,000 per day by women, who separate the white from the yolk, the former being carefully cleaned and dried until they resemble fish glue, when they are packed in 400 pound cases lined with zinc. The yolks are passed through sieves into 25 gallon receptacles, mixed with a salt and borax solution, packed in 500 pound barrels and used in Europe for preparing and dressing articles of superior quality. The albumen finds a ready market in England, France and Germany for dyes for the best cotton goods.—Philadelphia Press.

For Appearance's Sake.

She—Give you a latch key? Never! He—But, wife, just think how the fellows will make fun of me and abuse you.

She (reflecting)—Yes, that's so. Well, you can have this room key, and then you can tell them you took it by mistake for the house key.—Flingende Blatter.

Philadelphia Joke.

Passenger—Let me off at Minute street.

Conductor—There ain't no such street to my knowledge.

Passenger—Oh, well, Sixty-second street will do.—Philadelphia Record.

FRANK & CO.

404 MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

New Goods,
New Styles,
New Patterns.

Prices Right,
Style Right,
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd, with our New Spring Styles in

Hamburgs,
Laces,
Percales,
Piques,
Cheviots,
Sheetings.
Dimities,
Ginghams,
Welts,
Shirtings,
Cottons,
Linen.

Ready-Made Sheets,
Pillow Cases and Bolsters.

All at Prices that meet all legitimate competition.

FRANK & CO.



It will be my endeavor this season to LARGELY INCREASE my sales in Wall Paper and if having the most COMPLETE LINE of PAPER, both in QUANTITY and QUALITY, in STYLE and BEAUTY and LOWNESS of PRICE means anything, success in this undertaking IS ALREADY ASSURED.

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS will do well TO INVESTIGATE this most effective line. and by ing protect their own interests.

My CARPETS and PAPERS are bought in conjunction and you can fit your house up in a tasy manner at a small expense.

Respectfully,

J. T. HINTON.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings.
Send me your old furniture to be repaired.
Your furniture moved by experienced hands.
Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

WATCH THIS SPACE

PARKER & JAMES,

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

Corner Main and Fourth Sts.,

Will occupy this space with their announcements. A new and complete line of ready-to-wear clothing, and gents' furnishings is being installed in their big store-room—latey vacated by H. Montgomery.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00

NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

MONDAY will be Court Day.

H. S. STOUT's auction to-morrow night and court-day.

BEST mixed sweet peas, fifty cents per pound. W. M. GOODLOE.

YESTERDAY was Ground Hog Day, but his hogship failed to see his shadow.

ELD Z. T. SWEENEY will preach at the Christian Church Sunday morning and night.

GEORGE HARPER and family will move into one of the Wilcox cottages on Walker's avenue.

EVERYTHING goes at cost: E. & W. collars, 10 cents—this week only. H. S. STOUT.

DAVE MILLER, the barber, has located his chair in John Ayer's shop, opposite Schwartz's saloon. (27j-1m)

THE NEWS is requested to announce that the Christian Endeavor Society will have a social to-night at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Ranon. All are invited. Admission ten cents.

D. E. ELDRIDGE, of this county, has bought sixty-five acres of land in Montgomery county at thirty-five dollars per acre from Leslie R. Green, who will move to Indian Territory.

The Maysville Ledger says: "The Cincinnati pest house has 53 small pox victims, and more being added every day. Now is the time for Maysville people to go down on shopping excursions. They might strike a bargain counter and get a beautiful inlaid case of—small pox."

THE Parks & Ritchey bowling alley in this city has been closed. One of the alleys has been removed from the building and the other was sold to Will Simms who will use it as a private alley at his home. The Haggard & Reed steam laundry may be moved into the building.

DR. H. A. SMITH, who has been practicing dentistry in this city for two years, left Wednesday for Hamilton, Ohio, where he will locate. Dr. Smith built up a nice practice during his residence in Paris, and the best wishes of a large number of friends will follow him to his new home.

Call Meeting of The Sufolla Club.

ALL members of the Sufolla Dancing Club will please meet at the Hotel Windsor, to-night at eight o'clock. C. O. HINTON, Pres't.

Public Auction.

MY entire stock of goods, gent's furnishings, etc., will be offered at public sale, Saturday night, and on court-day. H. S. STOUT, Mgr.

Fined By Judge Webb.

YESTERDAY in Judge Webb's court Sallie Wheeler, colored, was fined \$12.50 for running a disorderly house.

Spicer Mack was mulcted \$10 for disorderly conduct.

Warrants Executed.

YESTERDAY Circuit Clerk Chas. F. Butler received a return of the seventy odd warrants against the insurance companies indicted by the Bourbon grand jury. The cases will be tried at the March term of the Bourbon Circuit Court. The warrants were issued on Friday, January 13th, which combination of dates may be unlucky for the insurance companies.

A Runaway Team.

YESTERDAY afternoon about five o'clock as J. E. Clay's fine carriage was being driven from Turney & Clark's up-town livery stable something about the tongue broke and the horses ran away. In turning into Main street the carriage struck the express wagon, the carriage being overturned and having a wheel broken, and the driver being thrown to the street. Thinking perhaps a lady was in the carriage, Doug Thomas ran after the frightened team and caught one of the horses near J. T. Hinton's store. Officer Mernaugh caught the other one, and the team was stopped. The carriage was considerably damaged. It is remarkable that no one was hurt by the runaway.

Fresh Meal

Exchanged for corn at Spears & Sons. Office near L. & N. Freight Depot.

Twenty-five per cent. discount on all Winter underwear at Price & Co.'s, clothiers.

A Notable Revival.

THE increasing interest and attendance at Rev. Pearson's meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church are evidences that it is one of the best meetings ever held in this city, and the sermons are being gladly heard by people of all classes and all vocations.

The choir's music, which is under the direction of Charles B. Mitchell, is improving with every service.

The morning service yesterday was the best one so far. The sermon on the subject, "At Jesus' Feet," was earnest, tender and sympathetic. Last night Rev. I. Pearson's text was "He That Cometh Unto Me I Will In No Wise Cast Him Out." Rev. Pearson's sermons leave a lasting impression on his hearers and the meeting will surely result in great good.

M. S. Pearson holds an exceedingly interesting service every morning from 10 to 11, for women only, after which Rev. Pearson preaches a short sermon for the business men.

Services will be held every morning and night until the meeting closes, excepting to-morrow. There will be no services to-morrow morning or evening. Everybody cordially invited to all services. Seats are free to all.

Among the visiting ministers who attended the meeting this week were Rev. McElroy, of Lexington, Rev. Dr. Ront, of Versailles, and Rev. Rutherford Douglass, of Nicholasville. The various Paris ministers are participating in the meeting.

Suspected Firebug Caught.

THE seventh incendiary fire to occur in Paris in the past fortnight destroyed R. P. Dow's stable in the rear of the Simms tobacco ware-house Wednesday afternoon about five o'clock, burning some feed belonging to Mike Murphy & Co., who had the stable rented. The building was not insured.

Yesterday morning at eleven the eighth incendiary fire partially burned the stable on the Ferguson property on High street, recently purchased by W. H. Renick. The fire department did excellent work at both fires. The Ferguson stable was insured.

At the fire yesterday morning Constable Joe Williams arrested Will Leer, a ten-year-old negro boy, who is suspected of being an incendiary. The boy acted suspiciously, and it is thought that he is implicated in the crime. It is believed that he has accomplices. Will Leer has a record of having set fire to a kitchen on Scott avenue. He was arraigned before Judge Purnell yesterday afternoon and his trial was set for Saturday. Judge Purnell appointed attorney John Williams to defend the boy.

Municipal Insurance.

The recent fines imposed on all fire insurance companies by the Franklin Circuit Court, and the subsequent talk of the withdrawal of the insurance companies from Frankfort, has served to renew and increase the pressure in favor of the passage of a bill to authorize each city in Kentucky to organize a fire insurance system of its own, and provide for expending the earnings upon the streets and other municipal expenses.

Such a bill was introduced in the last legislature to allow the city of Frankfort to insure the property in its limits, but the insurance agents opposed the bill so strongly that it was defeated.

If the insurance companies carry out their threat to withdraw from the state on account of the fines, it will leave property so unprotected that municipal insurance will become a necessity, and the legislature will be asked to pass the necessary laws authorizing the city governments to insure the property of their citizens.

Our Hypercritical Contemporary.

OUR neighbor, *The Reporter*, says *The News'* proof reader is not "altogether reliable," because Morton was printed instead of Morrison.Now a casual glance at yesterday's *Reporter* would not impress one that that paper—edited by a Winchester man and managed by an Ewing Station man—afforded even an excuse of a proof-reader.THE *News'* proof-reader wore the end of his pencil marking errors in the *Reporter*—grammatical, typographical, orthographical, inversions, repetitions, transpositions, omissions—all of the rankest kind.The *Reporter's* proof-reader is invited to view the errors—aggregating nearly five score—which are marked on a copy of yesterday's edition of the *Reporter*—which he can see in the Broadway show window of THE NEWS office.

Religious Announcements.

REV. E. G. B. MANN will fill his pulpit at the Methodist Church Sunday. There will be no services at night on account of the protracted meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church.

Public Auction.

EVERYTHING goes at auction to-morrow Feb. 4—and court-day.

H. S. STOUT, Mgr.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. Eliza Phillips is ill of the grippe.

—Charley McCarthy is ill of pneumonia.

—Mr. C. F. Clay, Jr., is visiting in Richmond.

—Mrs. G. B. Alexander spent yesterday in Lexington.

—Mr. John Stuart was in Lexington yesterday on business.

—Mrs. Amos Turbey was a visitor in Lexington yesterday.

—Mr. Ed Ware, of Cynthiana, was in the city Tuesday night.

—Mr. W. H. Thomas, of Lexington, was in the city yesterday.

—Miss Lucy Keller has gone to Louisville to visit relatives and friends.

—Miss Mary Brent has returned from a visit to relatives in Covington, Ky.

—Miss Annie Louise Clay left yesterday for a visit to friends in Richmond.

—Mr. P. I. McCarthy has been confined to his room for several days with grippé.

—Mrs. Dean, who has been visiting friends in the city, left yesterday for Chicago.

—Eld. J. S. Sweeney has gone South for a much needed vacation to recuperate his health.

—Miss Margaret Butler, of Vine street, will entertain the Violet Whist Club to-morrow afternoon.

—Misses Mayme McDermott and Annie Tracy are guests of Miss Bessie Kenney, in Mt. Sterling.

—Mrs. Jas. D. Feeney, of Richmond, has returned home after a visit to her sister, Mrs. F. B. Carr.

—Mrs. J. K. Spears entertained the Young Married Ladies Euchre Club Wednesday afternoon.

—Ray Mann is able to be out again after being confined to his room by inflammatory rheumatism.

—Mrs. Jas. Withers, of Cynthiana, is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Davis, on High street.

—Hamilton Roberts, the bright little son of Dr. H. H. Roberts, has been quite ill for several days but is now improved.

—The Jemima Johnson Chapter of the D. A. R. will be entertained this afternoon by Mrs. C. Alexander and daughter, Mrs. O. L. Davis.

—Prof. A. M. Gutzeit, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, is improving and hopes to be out by the first of the week.

Now is your chance to buy goods at cost. Everything goes this week. Monarch shirts, 75 cents; E. & W. collars, 10 cents. H. S. STOUT.

Riley's Return.

RILEY GRANNON has returned to New York from San Francisco. He arrived about two weeks ago, and since that time is credited with having cleared some \$15,000 or \$20,000 from the New York pool-rooms. Now, however, he has changed his line and opened a pool-room under the name of a "commission establishment" in the Wall street section. His rooms are on Broad street, and he is associated with the Mahoney Bros., and Bookmaker Lackman. The fact that Grannon has been in California lately will be of great value to him in estimating the form of the horses.

Brother Barnes In Washington.

"I FEEL the Lord has called me to Washington," said Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, while seated in the parlor of his newly established home at 1635 P street northwest. Brother Barnes will doubtless preach the gospel of love in the wicked National Capital but it is doubtful if he will do great good. He is now preaching in a small church at Eighteenth street and Massachusetts avenue. He preached his first sermon there on January 22.

Capt. Winn In Washington.

THE *Courier-Journal* Wednesday said that Captain Charles Winn, of Paris, formerly Captain of Company I, Second Kentucky, was in the city, and was an applicant for a second lieutenant in the regular army. He had an appointment to see the President yesterday.

Joe Bailey Sold.

J. E. Clay, of this city, has sold his noted pacer, Joe Bailey, 2:11½, by Cyclone, dam by Twilight, to a Boston party. The price is thought to be eight hundred dollars. Joe Bailey is the winner of a number of good races, and was named for Congressman Joe Bailey, of Texas.

Use Paris Milling Co's Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solicitations Of The Marriage Vows.

James A. Cox and Miss Renna McMillan, both of Scott county, came to this city yesterday and were married by Squire Thomas Wood.

Rev. Thomas Hornsby, the cowboy evangelist, who eloped from Madison with Miss Annie Todd has been apprehended in Atlanta. A warrant charging him with bigamy has been sworn out by Miss Todd's father.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Mrs. Mary A. Seamounts, aged eighty-eight, died Wednesday at the home of her grand-son, W. H. Kerr, at North Middletown. The deceased was the relict of Preston Seamounts, and was the mother of Mrs. Elizabeth Long, of California, and Mrs. Davis, of Arkansas. The funeral service will be held this morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of Mr. Kerr. The remains will be interred at the family burying ground at Seamount's Mill.

Mrs. Nannie Remington Kiser, daughter of B. F. Remington, of this city, died yesterday morning of consumption at the home of her husband, Jefferson Kiser, near Paris. The deceased is survived by her husband and five sons. The remains will leave the residence at two o'clock this afternoon and services will be held at three o'clock at the grave in the Paris cemetery by Rev. F. J. Cheek. The pall-bearers will be Chas. Conway, E. M. Dickson, A. P. Adair, G. W. Wyatt, G. T. McCarney, Lawrence Vanhook.

Frank P. Colcord, a well-known farmer, died Wednesday night at his home near this city, aged about sixty-five years. The deceased was a bachelor and leaves an estate valued at about \$30,000. The funeral services will be held at his late residence at 12:30 to-day by Rev. E. H. Rutherford. The remains will be buried at Cane Ridge with Masonic honors. The honorary pall-bearers will be Messrs. E. F. Clay, Henry Spears, C. C. Leer, Wm. Tarr, J. R. Rogers, Nat Rogers, Catesby Woodford, J. E. Clay.

Mrs. Elizabeth Throckmorton, aged eighty-five, who was stricken with paralysis Saturday, died Monday night at the home of her grand son, Jack Clark, near Paris. She is survived by three children—Charles and John Throckmorton, of this city, and Mrs. Dulcinea Hamilton, of Newport, and a sister, Mrs. Evaline Hanson, of Lexington. The deceased was a devoted member of the Baptist church, and was a most estimable woman. Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at the Clark home by Rev. F. W. Eberhardt. Her grandsons acted as pall-bearers.

The Distillery Combine.

THE consolidation of fifty-seven Kentucky distilleries under the name of the Kentucky Distillers and Warehouse Company, has been completed by C. H. Stoll, of New York, late of Lexington. The new company will have a capital stock of \$32,000,000, and will be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. It will control ninety per cent of the distilleries in Kentucky. Among the distilleries to be controlled by the new company are the Paris Distilling Co., the G. G. White Co., the Peacock distillery and the Bourbon distillery, in this city and county, the Wm. Tarr and the Pepper distillery at Lexington, sixteen distilleries in Louisville, the C. B. Cook Company, and the Edgewater, in Cynthiana.

HEINZ'S baked beans in tomato sauce. F. B. McDERMOTT.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union. W. O. HINTON, Agent.

AUCTION!
500 Pairs Boots and Shoes
At Auction!

Will sell a consignment of 500 pairs of Men's Boots, Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes at auction, in Gnadinger's store-room, on to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.

These goods are from the finest manufacturers in the country, and will be sold to the highest bidder regardless of cash.

Get the sizes of your family and come to the auction.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

Feb. 3, 1899.

For Rent.

Five-room brick residence on Seventh street. Bath room and other conveniences. Apply to J. K. SPEARS.

Cottage For Rent.

Nice cottage of four rooms. apply to C. ARNSPARGER.

NEW, SPRING

DRESS GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES,
HOSIERY, Etc.

Arriving daily, at

G. TUCKER'S

CONDON'S
Actual Facts Plainly Stated.

To close out all our Winter Goods in the next 60 days we have marked down all our stock to figures beyond comparison for goods of equal quality.

All our Ladies' and Children's Capes and Jackets at cost.

Special reduction in Dress Goods, \$1.00 goods now 60c, comprising Satin Berbers, Broadcloths and English Coverts.

Large line of All Wool Dress Goods at 25c and 35c per yd; formerly 50 and 75c.

See our extra wide Table Linen at 50c per yd, worth double; and our 1/2 size Dinner Napkins at \$1.00 worth fully twice as much.

Full line of Zephyrs, Ice Wool, Saxony and Germantown Yarn.
Embroidery Silks and Materials of all descriptions at cut prices.
Ladies' and children's Seamless Hose, 20c quality for 10c per pair. The best value in Paris.
Blankets from 39c to \$3.50 per pair, reduced to one-half of former prices.
Standard brands of Bleached cotton, 5c.
Best Unbleached cotton, 5c.
Very best Percales at 8 1/2c.
10-4 Sheeting, 12 1/2c and 15c.

Handsome Pictures and Rocking Chairs Given Away.

If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

Imperial spectacles and eyeglasses have perfect lenses, always perfectly correct and made of purest material, set in frames of the highest elasticity and consequently of greatest durability, united with the utmost lightness and elegance. When both frames and lenses are scientifically fitted by Dr. C. H. Bowen's system they always give satisfaction, for they are perfect. Never buy cheap spectacles, nor of men who do not know how to fit them. You will get poorly adjusted spectacles, or poor, imperfect lenses, and are better off without any glasses than with either of these defects. Buy Imperial spectacles of a reliable dealer, and they will last longer without change and be cheapest in the end.

We have engaged the services of Dr. C. H. Bowen who will visit our store on the second and last Thursdays of each month and invite all to call and have their eyes examined, for which there is no charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

C. H. Bowen & Co.

Next visit—Thursday, February 9, 1899.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!
WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF
IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS
FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, who can quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FIVE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.



TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT

The man is who tells you that he can rival our laundry work in beauty or general satisfaction to the wearer. We keep on top in up-to-date laundry methods, and we take special pains to please each individual patron in the exquisite finish and general renovation of their linen. Care in handling is our watchword.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

CLEARANCE SALE

—OF—

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

SCHOOL SHOES

Spring Heel, Good Stock, Nothing Shoddy.

They go at 75 cts per pair.

Good values in other lines at Reduced Prices. Better see these goods as they will go quick.

DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIGG.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

A CLERICAL GAME WARDEN.

Michigan's Odd Official Lives with
His Dogs, Fishes, Hunts and Sub-
sists Upon the Results.

Calhoun county, Mich., boasts of the only clergyman game warden in America, Rev. Isaac Collier, who is known throughout the state as Henry D. Thoreau of Michigan, as he has for many years lived alone with his dogs in a cottage on the shore of Gogewic lake, summer, winter and every season, spending his time in fishing and hunting and in the study of books and nature.

A passionate regard for nature has led this unique clergyman to live among the flowers and trees, the birds and animals of the woods. Years of botanical training made it possible for him to understand the flowers which he plucks by the roadside or in the fields or forests. Never does a day pass that the venerable character, with his fish-pole, may not be seen wending his way to the water's edge for his customary fish. His expert knowledge of angling makes him known among fishermen as "Orr Isaac Walton," and he lives out his title. Not only does he fish, but he studies his prey. He knows the fish and their habits, and is at home among them.

A strange place is his cottage, un-lathed, unplastered, but the home of a contented man. He subsists entirely upon the results of his hunting and fishing. He not only sells his fish for the few groceries and supplies which he requires, but he is fond of them as a regular diet. He is his own cook. His tea he makes from the wild plant blossoms known as the Jersey tea, and the only coffee which he uses is made from the hickory nuts which he gathers. Above all, he is hale, hearty and healthy, although 68 years of his life have passed. But he says: "I live close to nature, and so I do live, not exist."

Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, French and modern languages are read by the quaint character, and no matter how busy a day he has spent among his fish friends he closes it by reading a chapter in his Greek Testament. Apart from the world, he never neglects his religion, and studies religious questions of modern and ancient character.

Rev. Isaac Collier was born in Greene county, N. Y., and in his mere childhood he astonished his parents by declaring his intention to enter the ministry. He took a course of study in the Cossack (N. Y.) academy, and then the grammar school at New Brunswick, N. J. He received his diploma from Rutgers college, following this by a three years' theological course. His first call was to Cossack, on the Hudson river, where he preached for five years. In 1866 he entered upon his duties as pastor of the Dutch Reformed church of Battle Creek, leaving in 1871 for Richboro, Pa., on a like call, where he remained 14 years, returning to preach as a Congregationalist in the Augusta church. After his return to Battle Creek he took up his Thoreau-like life, and has continued ever since in this plan of living.

He has just been appointed game warden for Calhoun county by State Warden Chase Osborne, and announces emphatically that he will use the same rigor in the fulfillment of the law as in the expounding of the Scriptures and the traveling of the woods for nature study. No one can fail to understand why he is called the Henry D. Thoreau of Michigan.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHOOTING STARS.

Some Facts Concerning Them Which
Have Been Ascertained by
Astronomers.

The present state of science does not admit yet of our knowing whether the comet of the shooting stars and aerolites has had any effect at all on the earth's motion. But we can assume that in the process of time the amount of shooting stars and meteors will decrease. For any given group of the former it is almost certain that it is to-day and that it is growing less as the periodic returns pass on. Of course in this assumption we must take into account variations of density at different parts of the steadily moving current, variations which can produce showers that are now more dense and now more sparse. For this reason the constant enumeration of shooting stars becomes quite important, since this alone will teach us in the long run whether or not the phenomenon is really losing in richness, and if it is to what degree and under the sway of what laws.

When a shooting star breaks into flame in our atmosphere, the residuum of the combustion remains in the air, and can be found in what is known as atmospheric dust. The virgin snow of the polar regions was often seen to be spotted with traces of dust which contained particles of iron. Like particles are found on church towers and elsewhere. Among the minute bodies that dance in the sun's rays there are certainly particles of shooting stars. The sands of the African deserts when examined by a microscope present traces of very small iron particles which seem to have been subjected to a high temperature, and the Challenger on its remarkable trip in the Atlantic found at times in its drag-net fragments of magnetic iron which we have every reason to believe fell from the sky. Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) and Richter have even seen in the aerolites the disseminators of the germs of life throughout the universe. —O. F. Bianco, in Chautauquan.

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Though the light's dim shadows falling
Have blurred the light,
To you dear, my heart is calling—
Calling to-night.Though no more the sunlight glistens
In sky of blue,
In the shadows one still listens,
Languishing you.And memory—artist of truth—
Paints one dear face—
A face that's fair and pure in youth—
Radiant in grace.Surely death cannot enthrall you,
Making you dumb
To my voice, dear, when I call you—
Call you to come?Mother—mother, can't you hear me?
Do those cold skies
Hold the spirit that would near me?
Oh, are your eyesTo earth's sorrows and plies blind?
Have you no word,
No token, dear, that human mind
May know you've heard?Only silence. Breaths from mead-
ows
Lone have found me.
Mystic silence—and the shadows
Close around me.
—Ella Wallace Miller, in Atlanta Consti-
tution.

The Fever's Fifth Man

By W. L. Comfort

FOGARTY was the heaviest and most depraved man in the troop. Moreover, he had the reddest face I ever saw, with one exception—a man connected with political adjustments back in my native burg. Maybe I wrong Fогarty. It depends upon the point of view from which one scans depravity. Briefly, his faults were these:

He terrorized recruits. Following each pay day, he flirted with serpentine combinations until broke. He was utterly devoid of reverence or moral conception. He cursed incessantly, executing weird flourishes and introducing innovations of the most nerve-rivelling nature. Scientists would have called him a study of degeneracy. Cavalrymen deemed him only superficially depraved because he threw away money and loved his horse. Mint Julep was the horse's name.

Now I was a recruit and in Fогarty's squad. No man or boy is a rational being during his first month in the cavalry service. Veterans say their marked success in life is due to it—or their failure. A recruit has much to learn, but first of all he must overcome the If-mamma-could-only-see-me-now expression his face is prone to assume. He learns that it is unprofitable to expatiate upon the rich appointments of his residence far away, and upon the princely salary he threw up. He learns to grin while his trousers are sticking to his legs, because they are chafed and bloody from bareback riding in the bull-ring. He learns that the United States commissariat does not supply pie, silken hose or scented pillows. He learns the peculiar devilishness of southern army camps in sultry weather. He learns to eat flies and other strange things—and to eat them in vicious sunshine. He learns what a terror the rainy season is for one who can't get in out of it for several reasons. He learns to chew holes in his tongue when a superior officer calls him a disgrace to his country and other expressive things. He learns how insignificant it is possible for a human atom to be. He learns to laugh at the whole business and write home how strong and happy he is.

Some recruits never get rational. They take things seriously. They mutter: "God help me," and bad things about wars and armies.

I enlisted about the time poems on the Maine became unpopular. Fогarty applied a system of ghoulish torture to make me miserable. I concluded that he was a cunningly-constructed object for my hatred, and that his heart was packed in ice. What I concluded about army life in general I kept to myself, thereby scoring a hit.

One evening I won a foot race and found myself a friend of Fогarty's. Old soldiers are fond of physical demonstrations. He was in my set of fours on troop drill the next morning. Naturally, my horse had it in for me, because it was only a tilly, tremble, recruit, and the bridle did not fit. Several officers had already directed stereotyped call-downs at me. The troop halted for a moment while horsemen formed on our right. We stood at attention—very properly—all except Fогarty. To my bewilderment he slipped down from his mount, deftly and quickly tightened my bridle on both sides of the curb and stepped over his horse again, whispering:

"Give me a chew tobacco, Kid."

He had risked reprimand to do me a good turn, and the ice packing which I pictured about his heart oozed out of my mind forever.

We were on the skirmish line together, crawling up the drenched hill in front of Santiago, Fогarty and I. We heard the droning death whistle which is thrown from Mauser barrels, and saw the punctures which the whistling things made in roots and sand and in soldiers. We turned our faces up when it rained, and gaped like lizards do. We tried to cough out the sand which caked in our throats. We propped up our heads with empty canteens when neck muscles collapsed. We burned our hands on the barrels of our own carbines. Cartridge belts burned our waists. We did not mind any of these things.

We knew nothing—felt nothing but the heat. It was the sunshine that we cursed at huskily—the terrible sun of Cuba. It put a throbbing weight in our heads. It made us laugh. It bound our limbs. It mixed the stifling smoke of powder with the steaming, choking stench of the ground. That stench, which the sun made, is fever. It filled our stomachs, our lungs and our brains. When the command "Rest" was heard

along the firing line, I used Fогarty's mess plate to pile up the sand in front of me. Mine was thrown away. And when it was night I smoked half of Fогarty's last pipeful, and after that I rolled over on to half of Fогarty's blanket. Mine was thrown away.

"Thank God, we didn't get punctured this day," I muttered. It was night and silent about. The Red Cross men were busy.

"I'm too tired to give a care, Kid," said Fогarty.

A couple of days later I awoke in the morning feeling stiff and tired. We were encamped about the city. At noon my face burned and I did not answer mess call. I wanted to sleep. At four o'clock Fогarty felt my cheeks.

"I'll tell the tap-sergeant to let you pound the bunk awhile longer," he said.

The next day I was in the hospital, feeling hot and thirsty and hungry all at once. The air in the hospital tent was full of groans and the odor of drugs. It was also stifling. The boys about me had felt the weight of a locomotive concentrated into a Mauser ball. To me Fогarty said:

"Kid, you've got the fever."

After that I did not see him for six weeks, because I was sent back to the States on a hospital transport. I had reached the furlough stage, which means that delirium was over, and that my fever had flickered out, leaving only half of me and a disreputable appetite—when Fогarty came. I had no clothes to go on furlough with—nothing but a tattered shirt and a debilitated pair of cavalry trousers; and the worst of it was I could not get any.

It is not hard for me to recall the events of that night when Fогarty came. I was watching the Red Cross men unload a hospital train. A procession of stretchers was passing from the cars to the fever tents. Some of the sick men had been forced to walk. Had I not seen others staggering through the twilight, I would have said that Fогarty was drunk again. He dragged a huge blanket roll.

"Well, Kid, where's your other part?" he questioned, weakly.

I really embraced him that night—Fогarty, the profane, the red-faced. And when he told me that he had brought along a bundle of my clothes from camp, I could not speak for my voice cords were numb. I only whispered: "Fever leaves one childish-weak, you know."

Fогarty had lugged along my things with his own—and he a sick man. He had remembered me after six weeks—remembered me who was only a recruit. I tell you, gentlemen, there are men in Uncle Sam's cavalry.

That night Fогarty stretched his great body out on a mattress—a real one—for the first time in two months. His feet protruded through the iron rods at the lower end of the bedstead. "Are those women going to be here?" He pointed to a couple of nurses. I nodded.

"Why, it's a cinch to have the fevers here, ain't it, Kid?"

His tongue was dry like it was on the Cuban hills that day. A beam of the low white moon looked in through the flap of the tent and rested on Fогarty's hands. It made them seem pallid, but his face was very hot and red.

An ugly fever is typhoid. It chafes one's brain and body with slow flame. It stretches the eyelids wide apart. In the middle of the day it glows to a white heat. It turns one into a helpless animal that feels only an incurable thirst and a craving stomach—an animal that moans for ice water when the nurse is busy wrapping up a dead man in the next cot—a staring-eyed animal that knows there are such things as home and friends and death, but cares not. Listlessly he watches a companion fall into that chilled sleep.

Typhoid plays with four men and gets earnest with the fifth—fatally earnest. The moon was high when I left Fогarty that night.

A couple of weeks later he looked at me hard one morning. It was going badly with him.

"Why don't you go home?" he asked, tenderly. It wasn't like the old Fогarty's voice.

"Haven't got a furlough yet," I said, lying. The papers were eight days old already. "Haven't got a hat, either," I continued. I had been wearing Fогarty's. Mine was lost.

"Take care of this dough" for me, will you, Kid? I didn't have time to blow a red. It gets my nerve with this thirst."

He gave me his last month's pay. Fогarty was getting hot, and the nurse pushed me away.

"Keep the hat you got on, Kid."

I could barely hear his voice. His face was not very red now. How I wished he could see the pain inside of me for him. "Keep the hat you got on, Kid. I'll get another if I don't croak."

The doctor hung around Fогarty's cot the next night. The nurse had drawn a chair close to him. I held a lantern near. The rain clouds were venting themselves outside.

"Watch out for Mint Julep, Kid," mumbled poor Fогarty. He was not looking at me. His eyes stared at the sleeping flies on top of the tent. His eyelids were far apart.

"They'll be good friends—Julep and the Kid—both—good fellows. * * * None—not drinking a thing—sworn off—ask the Kid. Oh, I forgot, the Kid's gone home to his mother—got sick, you know—nice little chap, the Kid—make a good soldier. Home home—way up north—to his mother."

The nurse fanned him. His eyes still stared at the sleeping flies. The nurse knew then that Fогarty was picked out for a fifth man. Silently she fanned him and watched.

Not long after that Fогarty was mumbled out of the service.

And all this is to show how I peered under the veneer, which environment made, and saw a great warm heart.—Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand
It, But the Prince of Monaco
Knew.

The prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. A short time ago he delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical society in London, in which he told this incident:

One afternoon, while in the Bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his 14 sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination a steamer's light came into view. It was soon evidenced that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination, for she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy, slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she, too, hove down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the prince's steamer was moving up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could.

The swell was very heavy, and the prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessel, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.

But the incident gave the prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much traveled ocean routes.—N. Y. Sun.

INDIAN AFFECTIONATENESS.

There Is Much of It Shown in the
Everyday Lives of the So-
called Savages.

Indians are not ashamed to show their affection to one another. Chums who have been separated for any length of time, are likely, when they meet, to put their arms around and hug and kiss one another. Often two young men will be seen standing or sitting close together and holding hands, or with the arm of one about the neck of the other. My old father among the Blackfeet always puts his arms around me and hugs me when we meet after an absence. The purely social side of life in an Indian camp could not fail to interest anyone who might be introduced to it.

In the family relation the Indian shows a side which is attractive. He loves his wife and family as we love ours, and he thinks of them before thinking of himself. But besides the natural affection that any animal has for its young the Indian cares for his children for another reason. He is intensely patriotic. His pride in his tribe and its achievements is very strong. He glories in the prowess of its braves and the wisdom of its chiefs; his son's thrills as he hears told over and over again the stories of the victories which his people have won over their enemies; he rejoices at the return of a successful war party. In the children growing up in the camp, in the boys shooting up, blunt-headed arrows at the blackbirds and ground squirrels, or yelling and shouting with excitement in the mimic warfare which constitute a part of their sport; in the girls whom he sees nursing their puppies or helping their mothers at their work, he recognizes those who a few years hence must bear the responsibilities of the tribe, uphold its past glories or protect it from danger, as he and his ancestors have done. No wonder he loves them. Indians seldom punish their children, yet usually these are well trained, though chiefly by advice and counsel.

When a tiny little boy, who has just received his first bow and arrows, starts out of the lodge to play with his fellows, his mother is likely to say to him: "Be careful, now; do not do anything bad, do not hit anyone, do not shoot anyone with your arrows, you may hurt people with those things, if you are not careful. Pay attention to what I say."—George Bird Grinnell, in Atlantic.

It Was a Starter.

"Yes," he said, "we were out sleigh riding last evening, and Miss Millie was driving, and she didn't hold me in very tight, you know, and the sleigh struck a rut and I went head over heels into a snow bank."

"Didn't it startle you?" queried the pretty girl on the right.

"Yas," he answered, "it gave me quite a turn!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Way to Tell.

"They are engaged," she had said, after having watched the couple across the aisle for some time.

"Why do you say engaged instead of married?" he asked.

"Well, after a woman is married she still exhibits the same proprietary interest in a man, but she doesn't seem to be so proud of it."—Chicago Post.

DREYFUS' ISLAND HOME.

The Great Tragedy That Was Enacted
in Its Neighborhood That Cost
About 12,000 Lives.

The island on which Dreyfus is imprisoned, within sight of the South American coast and 27 miles from Cayenne, French Guiana, is known as Devil's island (Ile du Diable), while the three islands in the little group are known together as Salvation islands (Iles de Salut). The contrast between these names is certainly striking, and the way in which they became applied to these little rocks is interesting, and calls to mind one of the greatest tragedies in colonization that ever occurred.

The islands have considerable verdure, but in the early days of French Guiana they had a reputation for sterility which they did not deserve, and on this account no use was made of them. They were named Iles du Diable, and were thought to be of no value until thousands of wretched immigrants from France who were perishing among the pestilential swamps on the Kourou river fled to them in the hope that they might escape death.

It was in 1763 that about 13,000 persons, from Alsace, Lorraine and Saintonge were landed on the banks of the Kourou. France was smarting under the humiliation of having been compelled to cede Canada to England, and the bright idea occurred to some of her public men to replace the lost territory by dubbing Guiana "Equatorial France" and sending thither fleet after fleet of colonists. A more cruelly mismanaged enterprise was never known. The men who aroused in France enthusiasm for emigration knew nothing whatever of the country to which they invited the poor victims. They recalled that in Canada the French had greatly enjoyed the sport of skating, and accordingly a large supply of skates was sent with the colonists to tropical America. It was thought, also, that in their leisure hours they would require amusement, and so a company of actors was sent on one of the ships to build a theater in Equatorial France. Those who provided these means of diversion, however, forgot to send sufficient food supplies, and no arrangements were made for landing and housing the settlers. The Chevalier de Turgot, who was appointed leader of the expedition, took care to remain in France.

The unhappy victims of this blunder began to perish by thousands; and they thought that if they could only get away from the plague spot where they had landed they might have a chance to live. They were told that the three islands which they saw off shore were the Iles du Diable, and that they were worth nothing for human uses. "At least," cried the poor unfortunates in their desperation, "they are swept by ocean breezes. There is no poison in the air among those islands. We will call them the Iles du Salut, for we may hope that they will save us from utter extinction."

This is how it happened that the three islands came to be known as Salvation islands and the name has clung to them ever since. As a group they are known by no other name. The immigrants gathered up what was left of the supply of provisions and 3,300 men, women and children, all that were left of the 13,000 who had landed on the neighboring coast, crowded upon the narrow, rocky area which could comfortably hold only about 400 persons. They landed on the islands without shelter or clothing, and being exposed to bad weather and having only the scantiest supply of food their suffering was great and most of them died on the rocks which they had hoped would help to save their lives. A few hundred of them at last succeeded in getting back to the French port from which they had sailed.

The Salvation islands were not occupied again until 1852, when the transport of convicts to Guiana began. Saint Joseph and the Ile Royal now form the convict station proper. On English maps the three islands are called the Salut islands, and the name Ile du Diable, originally extended over the group, now applies only to the island on which Dreyfus is a prisoner, and which is occupied only by him and his guards.

The islands are of about the same area. They form the apexes of a triangle, and between them are deep channels where large vessels may ride at anchor or lie moored to the shore. They have little wood or water, but rain is stored in cisterns. The shores are rocky, and here and there jut out into promontories and cliffs. From Devil's island Dreyfus may plainly see the other two islands and the mainland, only seven miles away.—N. Y. Sun.

Geese with Shoes.

It is not generally known that in Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally from about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the right bank of the Weichsel. These are then conducted at night over the bridges to the Jewish quarters, the trade being principally in the hands of the Israelites. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are "shod," that is to say, walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they, thus "shod," are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.—Bucharest Rumanische Lloyd.

Fair Terms.

George—Papa, I want you to buy me a drum, like all the other boys have.

Father—No, you would make too much noise. There would be no living in the house with you.

"But, papa, I promise, really and truly, I won't beat it only when you are asleep."—Brooklyn Life.

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Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:30pm
Lv Winchester..... 11:38am 9:25pm 9:35am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling..... 12:25pm 9:50pm 9:50am 7:00pm
Ar Washington..... 6:50am 3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:35am 7:45pm
Ar New York..... 12:40m 9:50pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:50am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington..... 8:00am 5:00pm 7:30am 3:40pm
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:00am 7:40pm
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	No. 1. Pass.	No. 3. Pass.	No. 5. Mixed.
Lv Frankfort a	7:00am	3:30pm	10:00pm
Lv Elkhorn	7:15am	3:45pm	10:15pm
Lv Winchester	7:30am	4:00pm	10:30pm
Lv Mt. Sterling	7:45am	4:15pm	10:45pm
Lv Lexington	8:00am	4:30pm	11:00pm
Lv Louisville	8:15am	4:45pm	11:15pm
Ar Frankfort a	11:20am	7:10pm	9:15am

WEST BOUND.

	No. 2. Pass.	No. 4. Pass.	No. 6. Mixed.
Lv Paris c	9:00am	5:40pm	12:00am
Lv Elizabethtown	9:15am	5:55pm	12:15am
Lv Winchester	9:30am	6:10pm	12:30am
Lv Newmarket	9:45am	6:25pm	12:45am
Lv C. & O. Depot b	10:00am	6:40pm	1:00am
Lv Georgetown	10:15am	6:55pm	1:15am
Lv Louisville	10:30am	7:10pm	1:30am
Lv Duval	10:45am	7:25pm	1:45am
Lv Mt. Sterling	11:00am	7:40pm	2:00am
Lv Lexington	11:15am	7:55pm	2:15am
Ar Frankfort a	11:30am	8:10pm	2:30am

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THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

It Is Traced Back Many Years to the Ingenuity of Three French Schoolboys.

In these days of inventions it is interesting to look back and see what small beginnings have brought about great results. The first telegraph can be traced to the school days of three French boys.

A well-known French astronomer, Chappe d'Auteroche, adopted his three nephews, and when he was once settled out on a scientific journey, he placed the youngest one, who was destined for the priesthood, in the clerical seminary in Angers. The two others were sent to a school situated directly opposite the seminary.

The three brothers were much attached to one another, and the youngest, Claude, who was in the seminary, found it especially hard to do without the others. They at least were together, but he was all alone, and he was so seldom allowed outside of the institution that he had but few chances of speaking to them. From his window he could see theirs, and they decided upon certain hours when they were to meet in this way and converse by signs. But, after all, that was a very unsatisfactory means of communication, and Claude, who felt most that necessity which is the mother of invention, could not rest until he had found a better.

He experimented in all manner of ways, and finally decided in favor of an apparatus consisting of a long white ruler turning on an axis in its center. At each end was another ruler, likewise turning on its axis. With these three he could make all manner of figures.

He then sent his brothers an alphabet in which every letter was represented by one of the figures taken by the rulers. He took his post in the window and began his operations—and great was his joy when his brothers sent him a messenger with the exact translation of his signs. There was soon a telegraph in their window also, and while they were separated, throughout their school days, the brothers talked to one another by means of their sign language.

This was between 1770 and 1775. About 20 years later when the French army was defending the frontier against the armies of the allied troops, the northern division, which was at 30 miles' distance from Paris, could within a few minutes send word of its victory to the national convention, then in session in the Tuileries, and receive the answer from the convention: "The northern division has deserved the gratitude of the country."

And what had happened that messages were no longer sent by courier? A few months before this event Abbe Chappe had informed the convention of his telegraphic invention. The plan was tried and found practical, and a decree of July 26, 1793, commissioned the abbe to establish a telegraph line between Paris and Lille. The line consisted of 12 towers from one and one-half to two miles distant from each other, and on each tower was an apparatus built on the same principles as the ruler telegraph of the school days. It was so arranged that a man could work it from a room in the tower, and at the same time watch through field glasses the messages sent him, and see that his own were, in turn, correctly repeated. It was in this way that the northern division sent the news of the victory, which is said to be the first telegraphic dispatch.

Claude Chappe died young, but his brother Joseph, who had shared his work of perfecting the telegraph, and had helped him in the supervision of the many lines gradually being built, took his place as director of the system.—Harper's Round Table.

KIPLING TALKED CHINESE.

He Excited Wonder by Conversing with a Laundryman in the Latter's Native Tongue.

"I have been much interested in the articles regarding Rudyard Kipling's knowledge of engineering, shipbuilding and other technical topics," said a well-known business man of Manhattan the other day, "and I have begun to believe that he knows almost everything that is worth knowing. You know that he lived with his family on the old Balestier farm, about two miles outside of Brattleboro, Vt., for about three years, and only left there about 18 months ago. His wife was a Miss Balestier, and the farm was a beautiful place."

"I visited Brattleboro just after he came there, and of course was curious to see Kipling, as I had heard so much about him. I was walking down the main street one day, and saw Kipling coming toward me. I recognized him at once from his published portraits, and, besides, the friend who was with me pointed him out to me."

"He was dressed in a bicycle suit and came swinging along at an easy gait. Just ahead of me there was a little Chinese laundry, and the Chinaman was standing in the doorway. When Kipling reached him he addressed the Chinaman in Chinese and began a rattling conversation with him in that language. The Chinaman gave a gasp of surprise, but answered him, and in a few minutes Kipling had him smiling from ear to ear, and both of them were jabbering away in Chinese faster than a horse could trot."

"I understood afterward that every time Kipling came to town he stopped for a chat with the Chinaman. The Celestial would never tell the wondering neighbors what Kipling talked about, and when he was asked only replied: 'Him welly fine man. Him welly gient man.'—N. Y. Times.

There Are Such People. Some people are never happy except when doing something mean.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Reward of \$20,000 Offered.
A wealthy lady recently lost a satchel containing jewels worth \$150,000, and now offers a reward of \$20,000 cash to the finder. The loss of the jewels is far more serious than the loss of the satchel, and it can be recovered without paying big rewards. A little money invested in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will restore strength to the weak, purify the blood, establish regularity of the bowels and help the stomach to properly digest the food taken into it.

Sound Logic.
Old Gentleman—Seven dollars for a pair of eyeglasses? I can't see it, sir.
Optician—Of course not, sir. If you could you wouldn't need them.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Very Low Rates Via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.
Semi-monthly excursions to the southwest. The greatest opportunity to visit Texas, the Empire state of the Union, unparalleled as to resources and products and with an area exceeding all the Eastern and Middle States. The statistical reports of products, as compiled by the commissioners of Texas, indicate this section as having the greatest possible advantages in its mild and equable climate and in the variety and productivity of its soil. For further information, descriptive pamphlets and dates of excursions, apply to H. F. Bowsher, Dist. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A Reason.
She—I don't see why they can't let the women vote?
He—Because, my dear, they are trying to keep it a secret ballot.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the ugliness of those who say so generally goes to the backbone.—Town Topics.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickett, Van Stien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

While you are hoping for better things it is just as well to keep those you have in good repair.—Puck.

Stiff as a poker—sore as a boil? St. Jacobs Oil will relax, soothe, cure.

The work of a carriage wheel never begins until it's tired.—Chicago Daily News.

Ever thus—heirs to aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil's the doctor.

The little dog always tries to bark as big as he can.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Damp weather brings Rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil brings the Rheumatism.

The most of man's contentment is due to his ignorance.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle common	4.00
Select butchers	4.25
CALVES—Fair to good light	6.00
HOGS—Good and heavy	3.25
Mixed packers	3.40
Light shippers	3.50
SHRIMP—Choice	3.25
LAMB—Winter family	4.15
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	2.15
Do No. 3 mixed	2.00
Oats—No. 2	1.00
Rye—No. 2	1.05
HAY—Prime to choice	8.00
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	11.37
Lard	6.50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	11.00
Prime to choice creamery	10.00
APPLES—Choice to fancy	3.25
POTATOES—Per bushel	1.35

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3.85
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	2.15
Do No. 3 mixed	2.00
CORN—No. 2	1.00
OATS—No. 2	1.00
PORK—Mess	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.50

BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	3.25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	2.15
Do No. 3 mixed	2.00
CORN—No. 2	1.00
OATS—No. 2	1.00
PORK—Mess	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.50

LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3.75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	2.15
Do No. 3 mixed	2.00
CORN—No. 2	1.00
OATS—No. 2	1.00
PORK—Mess	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.50

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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM.

Earnest Words From Women Who Have Been Relieved of Backache.—Mrs. Pinkham Warns Against Neglect.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been thankful a thousand times, since I wrote you, for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully, and now I feel like a different person. My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhoea.

I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well. I thank you again for the good you have done for me.—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

Great numbers of such letters as the above are constantly being received by Mrs. Pinkham from women who owe their health and happiness to her advice and medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is offered free to all suffering women who are puzzled about themselves.

If you have backache don't neglect it, or try heroically to "work it down," you must reach the root of the trouble, and nothing will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Backache is accompanied by a lot of other aches and wearying sensations, but they nearly always come from the same source. Remove the cause of these distressing things, and you become well and strong. Mrs. S. J. SWANSON, of Gibson City, Ill., tells her experience in the following letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your medicine I was troubled with headache and my back ached so that I could not rest. Your medicine is the best I have ever used; it has relieved me of my troubles, and I feel like myself again. Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham.

"I would advise any one troubled with female weakness to take your medicine. I shall also recommend it wherever I can as a great reliever of pain."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine.

ASK everybody you know to save their tin tags for you

The Tin Tags taken from Horseshoe, "J. T.", Cross Bow, Good Luck—and Drummond Natural Leaf—will pay for any one or all of this list of desirable and useful things—and you have your good chewing tobacco besides.

Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and can have—FREE!

Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

TAGS	TAGS
1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan	20 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good steel
3 Scissors, 4 1/2-inch, good steel	20 or 25 Rogers' Teaspoons, best quality
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	25 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools
8 Sugar Shovel, triple plate, best quality	26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome
9 Stamp Box, sterling silver	27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled, all attachments
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	28 Sewing Machine, first class, with tools
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade	29 Gun, double barrel, hammer, less, stub twist
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel	30 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl
13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver	31 Revolver, Colt's, best quality
14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	32 Rifle, Winchester, 16-shot, 22-cal. 1500
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	33 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammer, less, stub twist
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	34 Gunter (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl
17 Base Ball, "Association," best quality	35 Bicycle, standard make, ladies' or gentlemen's
18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper	BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each.

This offer expires November 30, 1899.

Address all your Tags and the correspondence about them to

DRUMMOND BRANCH, St. Louis, Mo.

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1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c
1 Pkg. Earliest Red Beet, 10c
1 " Long Light Green Cucumber, 10c
1 " Salzer's Best Lettuce, 10c
1 " California Fig Tomato, 20c
1 " Early Dinner Onion, 10c
1 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c

Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents. \$1.00

Above 10 pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Union Seed & Co., and up a lb. Potatoes at \$1.20 a bushel. Catalogue Along St. No. 2.

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solid nickel or gold-plated hunting, fully guaranteed, to anyone starting an Overland Club. Send 5 cents for particulars. OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, Cal.

A. N. K.-E 1748

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY THAT IS FULL OF HUMOR.

Colonel Horn's letter to General Logan explaining an attack on Grant—Shannon, his associate, was an ambitious fried chicken eater.

Mrs. John A. Logan once gave to a newspaper reporter in this city a letter from a southern editor that created a lot of talk. It was immediately after the death of General Grant. The reporter had gone to the Logan residence to interview the general about some matter then before congress. The general was in bed, and the reporter was shown to his room. In the course of the evening Mrs. Logan entered the bedroom and took part in the conversation. In her hand she held a letter, the contents of which her husband knew about. She wanted to give it to the reporter, but the general objected. But as the newspaper man started to leave Mrs. Logan slipped the envelope into his hand. The next morning nearly every newspaper in the country printed a copy of it. It was a rare and raucous document.

Colonel Alexander G. Horn of Meridian, Miss., then the editor of The Daily Mercury, was the author. The letter was intended as an explanation of an editorial that had appeared a few weeks before in The Mercury. Colonel Horn and J. J. Shannon were associates in the publication of the aforesaid journal. On the morning following the death of the hero of Appomattox The Mercury contained one of the most cruel articles about General Grant ever printed by a press. It dared any true southerner to grieve or show signs of sorrow over his demise. It called upon the people of Dixie land to exult and rejoice at the death of the man who had slain their sons and burned their homes. The people of Meridian were astounded. They went to the editor, Colonel Horn, and asked him, in the name of peace, to write another article withdrawing it. He was obdurate and instead of doing as his neighbors wished dictated another one equally as fierce as the first.

At that moment the name of Colonel Shannon was before the senate awaiting confirmation as postmaster at Meridian. An enemy of his, knowing the love that General Logan had for General Grant, inclosed copies of the paper to him, expecting that Logan would oppose Shannon's nomination. Shannon and Horn had a dispute over the editorial, and their relations became so strained that a street duel was only averted by the interference of mutual friends. Colonel Horn's letter to General Logan was to the effect that Colonel Shannon was innocent of the article and had known nothing about it until he saw it in the paper. I cannot quote the letter with literal exactness, but a part of it was as follows:

"No; Shannon had nothing to do with it. In the first place he hasn't sense enough to conceive such a sentiment as was expressed in the editorial and if he had he would be too cowardly to write it. He is my partner, I am sorry to say, but by making him postmaster you will afford me the opportunity of getting rid of him.

"And why not take him, John? There is a mighty narrow strip between the radical republicanism that you represent and the Cleveland Mugwumpery that Shannon tries to represent. He is not a Democrat, never was and never will be. I predict that you will soon have him over on your side, and God speed the day! We Democrats down here don't want him.

"I am growing old, but I am still in possession of my mental faculties, and I hope to live many years longer to tell the truth from day to day about the despised Yankees and their politics. I am seriously afflicted with hemiplegia, else I would have mauled him—out of Shannon long ago.

"Logan, you ought to remember me as one of the fellows that figured somewhat conspicuously in the Kemper county trials. I guess I can take the credit to myself of having had the Democrats who killed the Radicals there acquitted before the courts. I would like another job of the same kind.

"You and I ought to be friends. Opposites beget liking. You have been a broth of a boy in your party, and I have been a sheel of a fellow in mine."

General Logan replied good naturedly to this epistle, after which a friendly correspondence sprang up between the erratic genius at Meridian and the senator. Logan read the Shannon letter in the committee room of the senate, and then laughingly said that inasmuch as his friend Colonel Horn wanted Shannon confirmed he didn't see how he could oppose him. Colonel Horn, unreconstructed, has long since passed into silence, and a few years later Colonel Shannon was buried at his old home in Paudling, Miss., a town once made famous by the publication of The Weekly Clarion, many years ago, of which paper he was one of the founders. During the Sullivan-Kilrain trial at Purvis some years ago I sat at the breakfast table with Sullivan and Colonel Shannon. Sullivan ate three fried chickens, Shannon four. Charlie Rich, the great sportsman, got the two to enter a fried chicken eating match. Some one asked Sullivan how many he thought he could get away with, and Sullivan said about eight.

"Eight!" spoke up Shannon. "Well, you will have to do better than that. You may be the champion prizefighter, but you will have to whet up that appetite of yours before you can take away the chicken eating champion-ship."

The chickens were bought and cleaned and were ready for the iron when the colonel was taken violently ill. Before he could recover Sullivan was out of the state.—James S. Evans in Chicago Times Herald.

Artificial ice is made even in Juneau, Alaska, during the summer.

PORTUGUESE PIRATE

HOW BARTHOLOMEY CAPTURED A HUGE SPANISH MERCHANTMAN.

His First Attack Failed—The Little Pirate Then Lay Within Short Range, and With Rifles the Spanish Force Was Reduced and Finally Conquered.

A series of sketches by Frank R. Stockton on "The Buccaneers of Our Coast" is one of the features of St. Nicholas. Mr. Stockton tells of the adventures of Bartholemey Portuguese, who, with a small crew in a small vessel, captured a huge Spanish merchantman in the Caribbean sea. Mr. Stockton says: The little pirate sailed boldly toward the big Spaniard, and the latter vessel, utterly astonished at the audacity of this attack—for the pirates' flag was flying—lay to, head to the wind, and waited, the gunners standing by their cannon. When the pirates had come near enough to see and understand the size and power of the vessel they had thought of attacking, they did not, as might have been expected, put about and sail away at the best of their vessel's speed, but they kept straight on their course, as if they were about to fall upon a great, unwieldy merchantman manned by common sailors.

Perceiving the foolhardiness of the little vessel, the Spanish commander determined to give it a lesson which would teach its captain to understand better the relative power of great vessels and little ones, so as soon as the pirates' vessel was near enough he ordered a broadside fired upon it. The Spanish ship had a great many people on board. It had a crew of 70 men, and besides these there were some passengers and regular marines, and, knowing that the captain had determined to fire upon the approaching vessel everybody had gathered on deck to see the little pirate ship go down.

But the ten great cannon balls which were shot out at Bartholemey's little craft all missed their aim, and before the guns could be reloaded or the great ship be got around so as to deliver her other broadside the pirate vessel was along side of her. Bartholemey had fired none of his cannon. Such guns were useless against so huge a foe. What he was after was a hand to hand combat on the deck of the Spanish ship.

The pirates were all ready for hot work. They had thrown aside their coats and shirts, as if each of them were going into a prizefight, and with their cutlasses in their hands and their pistols and knives in their belts they scrambled like monkeys up the sides of the great ship. But Spaniards are brave men and good fighters—there were more than twice as many of them as there were of the pirates—and it was not long before the latter found out that they could not capture that vessel by boarding it. So over the side they tumbled as fast as they could go, leaving some of their number dead and wounded behind them. They jumped into their own vessel, and then they put off to a short distance to take breath and get ready for a different kind of fight. The triumphant Spaniards now prepared to get rid of this boatload of half naked wild beasts, which they could easily do if they took better aim with their cannon than they had done before.

But to their amazement they soon found that they could do nothing with the guns, nor were they able to work their ship so as to get it into position for effectual shots. Bartholemey and his men laid aside their cutlasses and their pistols and took up muskets, with which they were well provided. Their vessel lay within very short range of the Spanish ship, and whenever a man could be seen through the portholes or showed himself in the rigging or anywhere else where it was necessary to go in order to work the ship he made himself a target for the good aim of the pirates. The pirate vessel could move about as it pleased, for it required but a few men to manage it, and so it kept out of the way of the Spanish guns, and its best marksmen, crouching close to the deck, fired and fired whenever a Spanish head was to be seen.

For five long hours this unequal contest was kept up. It might have reminded one of a man with a slender rod and a long, delicate line who had hooked a big salmon. The man could not pull in the salmon, but, on the other hand, the salmon could not hurt the man, and in the course of time the big fish would be tired out and the man would get out his landing net and scoop him in.

Now, Bartholemey thought he could scoop in the Spanish vessel. So many of her men had been shot that the two crews would be more nearly equal. So he boldly ran his vessel alongside the big ship and again boarded her. Then there was another great fight on the decks. The Spaniards had ceased to be triumphant, but they had become desperate, and in the furious combat ten of the pirates were killed and four wounded. But the Spaniards fared worse than that. More than half of the men who had not been shot by the pirates went down before their cutlasses and pistols, and it was not long before Bartholemey had captured the great Spanish ship.

It was a fearful and a costly victory he had gained. A great part of his own men were lying dead or helpless on the deck, and of the Spaniards only 40 were left alive, and these, it appears from the accounts, must have been nearly all wounded or disabled.

Don't Lay It.
"I have no place to lay my head," she sobbed.

Her good fairy at once appeared. "Be careful, then," urged the latter, waving her wand, "that you don't lose it."

Gliding to the front of the stage, the enchantress let it be understood that there would be a caloric period in the ancient municipality that evening.—Detroit Journal.

SELLING BY SIGNAL.

HOW CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

Sitting in Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raising Their Whips Over Their Heads.

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns the signal is answered by the momentary uplifting of a hand, and a "bunch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. Trade in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in proves that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sacred as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he pauses to note the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly penciled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards pausing in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about \$1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"Here is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about \$10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of \$5.10 for them. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at his offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, if he is willing to pay the price which he named in the morning I'll show you how a \$10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the distant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of a big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel uplifting his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

Only a moment elapsed before the alert eye of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then dropped it with a forward movement. Quickly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. Had we been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have made the bargain better understood or any more binding."—Chicago Post.

A Coin In the Bottle.
There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of securing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottles of some standard liquor with an inferior grade and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphian proposes to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks that this will be tempting enough to induce someone to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied.—Philadelphia Record.

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